Kritimo

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5220302.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Bedelia Du Maurier, Chiyoh (Hannibal), Francis Dolarhyde, Mason Verger, Clarice Starling, Dr. Cordell Doemling
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - The Vet and the Gunman, AU, vet hannibal lecter, criminal will graham, Hannigram - Freeform, Hannibal AU, Possessive Hannibal, Possessive Will, Oral, Violence, primal, Fluff, Guns, Fighting, Cannibalism, Anal Sex, Murder, Kidnapping, injured hannibal, Injured Will, Hurt/Comfort, Graphic Violence, Graphic Sex, Bloodsports, Knives, Canon-Typical Violence, cliff dive, Blood Play
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2015-11-16 Completed: 2016-07-10 Words: 51,053 Chapters: 11/11

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by Destinyawakened, orphan_account

Summary

Will is a underground criminal. Hannibal is masquerading as a veterinary surgeon to hide his identity as a cannibalistic serial killer. Their worlds collide when Will holds Hannibal at gunpoint and orders him to remove a bullet lodged in him from a fight gone bad.
Hannibal turned his back to the man, revealing impossibly broad shoulders and narrow waist. "Your gun is there, shoot me in the back if you must, somewhere near the heart so it is fast. Otherwise, I can offer to tend your wounds while you heal.” He turned back to the sink.
Will considered the doctor carefully, buttoning up his shirt, pale and woozy feeling. Lecter had a point. “Why wouldn't you call the police after I left?"
Hannibal put everything in it's right place and turned to face the young man who was deathly pale, "The same reason I haven't called them already. “

Notes

A few things:
1) not beta'd, if you'd like to offer services, please contact one of us. Second author will be added soon. (tech. difficulties).
2) this is an AU,
3) It is transcribed from Roleplay, so it does read a lot like one. Keep in mind thanks.
4) Written for this prompt by Bittenbyspidey over on twitter!
5)Like what you see? follow us on TUMBLR! (or message us a prompt you'd like to see!) (Doesn't have to be crack either! We are diverse!)

Gun Point

“Just shut up. I don’t care that you’re a vet. Take this bullet out or I’ll kill you.” Will’s tone was a huffing growl as he slammed the door behind him, bells jingling as he locked them both in. It was a small but clean, two story townhouse hidden down a tight alley way. The blue and white vet sign blinked silently above the door. There was a clinic downstairs and god knows what upstairs. The waiting room was sparse and the only light source was the pale green glow of the operating theater from the back.The only thing that mattered was that the building was empty save for the vet. The man stood in front of him, he was intimidating in both size and presence - but he wasn’t the one holding the gun.

Hannibal raised his hand slightly as the young man pointed the gun at him, "I am unarmed." Not strictly true.

"Good." He motioned to the other man to move to the theatre. "Go. Now." He was holding his stomach and bleeding, gunshot wound. Dark curls were plastered to his forehead and angular jaw is set hard as he hissed breath through gritted teeth.

Hannibal was unfazed as he backed towards the theater in slow, easy strides. He kept his hands up and eyes forward - never blinking. The man was badly wounded and the wounded had a nasty habit of being trigger happy. "My name is Dr. Lecter. You would be?" his voice was smooth and full with a hint of a European accent that was not easily placed. Once in the theatre Hannibal eyed the knives and other instruments laid out on the table. The room smelled of acrid chemicals and wet dog. Animals shuffled and whined from out beyond.

"Doesn't matter who I am," Will said as he motioned away from the knives, indicating that the vet was to only take the ones that he needed. "I just need you to get this bullet out of me, do you understand?" He had had a rough night, he'd rather not make it rougher.

Hannibal nodded once and rolled up his shirt sleeves with quick and precise movements. His fingers were long and elegant - the hands of a surgeon, "I need to examine your wound. Stomach wounds are not only incredibly painful but often fatal." He took one step forward to gauge the young man's reaction.

Will held the gun with one hand and slowly lifted his blood stained shirt with the other. Fight gone wrong, obviously.

Hannibal kept his claret gaze locked on the sea-blue eyes of the stranger as he moves closer, all but ignoring the gun. Once close, he bent down on one knee and gently holds up the soiled shirt. After a moment he stood. A head or so taller than the younger man he looks down. "I need to remove the bullet, stitch and dress the wound. I will also need to sedate you to keep you still lest I hit an artery or vital organ." He stated, matter of fact. He wasn't the one dying.

A shudder of nervous tension and coiled rage moved through the young man as he blinks rapidly and hard. “You have the means to sedate me? You're a vet," he said, bitterly, gun pressed to the other man's heart. He notes the vet’s chest is like a wall of muscle, physically he would be no match for the man but Will fought dirty - always did, always would. Why use force when you can use cunning? "How do I know you won't call the cops or leave me to die when you get me out?" His perfect, pink lips pulled up into a tight sneer.

Hannibal looked down at the gun and back at the man, his expression solemn and his deep set, almond eyes might almost seem compassionate. He gently placed his hand over the rougher, trembling hand of the other man and started to lower the gun away from himself. "The simple answer is, you don't."

Will was shaking and the sweat ran freely down his pale skin. His shoulders started to hunch as the blood loss took it’s toll. His life was leaking away. There was very little he could do but surrender. Under the gentle guidance of the vet he lowers the gun as he huffs in a few dragging breaths. Their eyes locked for a moment, a silent knowing of something not yet recognized.

Using a small cloth, Hannibal gently took the gun and laid it down, out of reach, for now. He tilted the man's head back, checking his eyes. They are a startling shade of blue and rimmed with thick lashes that flicker with agitation. They are the kind of eyes that remind him of a wild wolf. After a brief examination it is apparent that there is no other trauma but is clear he does not appreciate eye contact let alone touch.

Hannibal guided Will over to the operating table and leaned him against it. The smaller man slumped slightly but Hannibal knows he would be a fool to underestimate the smaller man no matter what his condition. "I will need to remove your shirt and cleanse the wound." Hannibal telegraphed his every move. With their gazes still locked Hannibal started to

unbutton the young man's shirt with deft fingers. The material was heavy and slick with blood while air was thick with the scent of salt and copper along with a fresh, masculine heat. Quite the contrast to Hannibal’s daily sensory encounterance of domestic animals and cleaning products.

Will lay down on the cold, steel table. His hands gripped the metal tight as drying blood started to flake off his knuckles. He is grateful not to be asked the hows or whys of his situations. "Okay."

Hannibal watched the young man lie back. His eye colour shifts with his mood. Curious. As he carefully strips him to his waist he sees his flesh is tanned and smooth. At least it will be easy to clean and operate.

Sizing the man up he pulled out a syringe of ketamine and flicked the air bubble out. He was poised to inject the Will, eyebrow raised - a silent question.

“You're brutal, no IV or anythin'," he drawled, his accent suddenly very clear and thick.

Hannibal merely eyed the man as he injects him. As he waited for it to take effect he pulled over a stool and a trolley full of tools. He sat and started to gently swab the wound clean with quick and precise movements. The damp cotton squares glide across the muscles of the young man's abdomen. The bloody swabs are then dropped into the bin once done. "You may ask questions once you grace me with your name."

"Will," he murmured, letting his eyes flutter close, sure that he'll just pass out either way from the blood loss. He had walked several blocks to get here and away from the scene.

"A pleasure to meet you, Will." A smile ghosted over his full, sculpted lips. He watched quietly as the young man passed out but it was unlikely to last long. The ketamine wouldn't hold all of the pain when he started to dig out the bullet. He didn’t have any local anesthetic.

Hannibal sighed and tightened his jaw. The bleeding was profuse. He also doesn’t have any human blood for a transfusion but he could set up some rudimentary fluids. After a few moments, he had Will hooked up to a small drip and returned to the site of the wound. His eyes were tight with tension, although he appreciated improvisation he didn’t like engaging

in any work that might be considered second rate. But he could only do his best under such circumstance, even then his work would be considered superior to most.

Bracing a firm hand against Will's muscular hip, Hannibal made the first incision. He wielded the scalpel with fluid grace to make a star shaped hole and peel back the first layers of skin. It was a shame to see beauty like this marked in such a crass way - Hannibal would have ensured his marks against Will’s flesh were at least elegant and soulful.

Will was out of it for a bit but the incision made him jump. A sharp pain sliced through his already shattered nerves. Panting and quivering he was held in place, firmly. Hannibal’s calm demeanour was contagious.

Hannibal was attuned to the young man's every move. "Will, are you with me? This will hurt. I need you to stay as still as possible. Can you do that for me?"

There was a nod, a small one. He kept very still under the vet's sure touch, eyes darting as he watched the vet work. He was meticulous in everything from looks to work ethic.

Hannibal looked over Will's delicate face for a moment, his hand still firm against his hip. Although his expression was neutral a flash of warm recognition flickered through his dark gaze. Hannibal gave a curt nod and returned to work.

With one hand he kept pressure around the wound. He then made three short cuts and navigating the blood vessels, arteries and organs and started to dig the bullet out with his small surgeon’s knife. "You will survive but with a nasty scar." Hannibal murmured almost to himself.

Will huffed a sorry sort of laugh that didn't quite make it to his lips, dying off somewhere in his chest like he couldn't be bothered to finish it. "Not the first, not the last," he said, swallowing dryly. Criminals like him didn't go by unscathed very often.

Hannibal looked up briefly while his hands worked. He watched the gentle rise and fall of Will's chest as he spoke. Turning back to the wound with a sure eye and steady hand he gave the knife a quick twist and small flick as the bullet popped out. "Tell me, Will, do you enjoy

collecting these scars?" One eyebrow was slightly raised as he spoke in a dry but curious tone.

"They're a reminder of the past, that it was real and I can't turn back," he murmured, lying very very still now. "Done yet?"

Hannibal took hold of Will's cool hand and placed it against the wound, "I need you to apply firm pressure over the gauze while I stitch." Hannibal kept his hand over Will's for a moment, guiding him before returning to start stitching the internal layer. "And what is it that you are so certain you can't turn back from, Will?" Hannibal bowed his head and flexed his jaw, focused on his work.

Will focused what strength he had on holding the gauze just so, in place, firmly, fingers shaking a little, but he stilled them as the vet started to work. “I've killed people.”

Hannibal tugged on the thread and started the final outer layer of stitches, his expression unchanged. "You confess quickly to a stranger. You mean to kill me once I am finished." Hannibal moved Will's hand down slightly. "Press harder, just there, thank you." Hannibal slid the needle through the outer layer of flesh, blood seeping down his wrist.

"Caught me," he grumbled, looking at the doctor with steely blue eyes now, unflinching. It was nice of him to help, but Will couldn't risk him having been seen.

Hannibal tied off the last stitch and set his tools down. He looked down upon Will a moment, his dark gaze almost warm. He then turned and gently removed Will's hand from the site of the wound. "I will dress this now but you will need to change the dressing every day, keep it sterile and clean. I will also organize antibiotics." His hand remained lightly resting on Will's smooth chest as he gathered up the material to start dressing the wound. "Strange how you would trust me with your life but not your lies, Will."

“You're a doctor not a lawyer," he noted with a near mute tone, surprised the doctor would offer help with after care.

Hannibal smoothed the dressing down over Will's middle with tender movements. As he finished he canted his head towards Will and raised an eyebrow, a wry smile playing on his lips, "You trust lawyers?" he chuckled lightly and continued, "I avoid defining people by their profession alone, Will." Hannibal looks towards Will's gun and then back at the young man with complete indiscretion. For a moment he finds it hard to believe such an innocent face hid the heart of a killer, but that just made him all the more alluring.

Dangerous thoughts for a dangerous man.

"I didn't say that." Will was blankly defensive, "It's their profession to protect a client. You're a vet, I'm not an animal." He struggled to sit up, carefully, brushing off the doctor's touch and slides his blood-stained shirt back up over his shoulders.

Hannibal turned his back to the man, revealing impossibly broad shoulders and narrow waist. He proceeded to wash up and pack his instruments away. "You only trust people based on their profession. What makes you think I would have any less compassion for an injured man than an injured animal." Hannibal let that hang a moment. "Your gun is there, shoot me in the back if you must, somewhere near the heart so it is fast. Otherwise, I can offer to tend your wounds while you heal. Three days should see you free of danger." He paused and looked over his shoulder, "And be careful standing up, you will be faint from blood loss." He turned back to the sink.

Will considered the doctor carefully, buttoning up his shirt, pale and woozy feeling. Lecter had a point. "Why wouldn't you call the police after I left?" He looks at his gun, considering that, too.

Hannibal put everything in it's right place and turned to face the young man who was deathly pale, "The same reason I haven't called them already. Anyway, you can always kill me on the third day, before you leave." His expression and tone were neutral.

"You're suggesting I stay?" Where else did he have to go, and especially in his condition.

"Yes. As your treating vet." Hannibal smirked slightly as he moved to start checking the animals so they were settled overnight. "Unless you have somewhere else to be?" Hannibal knew full well the young man would barely make it to the front door without assistance.

“Will you cage me, too?" he asked, wryly, wondering if that was something the doctor was in to.

Hannibal finished with the animals and walked over to Will. His posture was perfect and impossibly proper as he looked down at where Will was still leaning heavily against the table. "I would not suggest it in your current condition. But, if it will make you more comfortable I am sure I can accommodate whatever needs you might have, Will." Hannibal considered the possibility of Will caged and found it intriguing but why put something so wonderfully wild and primal behind bars?

Will gave the doctor a lazy once over, wondering now if he had beds somewhere, or a room he slept, perhaps he cared more about the animals than he seemed to let on." Awfully accommodating to a man who held you at gunpoint."

“You had no intentions of shooting me, Will." Hannibal was not entirely what he seemed. He knew just by looking at Will that he was the kind of man who, if he wanted someone dead, they would be. "Shall I show you to your room upstairs?" He stood close with arm out, ready to catch the young man if he were to faint when he rose.

Will swayed, catching himself on Lecter's arm. "You live here?" He's not surprised, at least to know that he had a spare room, even if his residence wasn’t here

"Careful." Hannibal caught the smaller man. He looked at him close up for just a moment, his head slowly tilting as his eyes raked over his pallid features. He fought the urge to brush the chocolate curls back and taste those perfectly soft lips. Images of Will on his knees swam through his mind. Pushing lurid fantasies aside he smoothed an arm around Will’s waist and started to guide him out of the room, turning out the lights.

Shaking out a piece of gauze Hannibal picked up Will's gun and passed it back to him, not wanting to leave his prints on a likely murder weapon. "There is a room upstairs. Are you hungry?"

Will took it, curiously, letting himself be lead as he little choice at this point; he wasn't going anywhere in his condition, though try as he might. "No, but I'm smart enough to say yes."

Hannibal guided him up the stairs slowly, keeping his gaze on the young man's footing. "But not smart enough to avoid getting shot."

Will snorted, voice low in his throat with drowsiness, fatigue settling in. "A misstep. Happens to everyone."

"It must have been quite the misstep. Let us try and keep our footing for the next three days." Hannibal squeezed Will's waist slightly, reminding him of the pain there - a subtle threat.

At the top of the stairs he opened the door to a small but neat bedroom, "Small but adequate. I will take the couch." Setting Will down on the bed, he gently tilted his head back in a clinical way examining him. "How is your pain?"

The brunette hissed when the doctor did that, glaring at him out of the corner of his eye as he was settled onto the bed. Only then did he toe off his boots. "I'd say I could manage, but I'd be a terrible liar."

Hannibal didn't change expression as Will hissed at him but he was admiring of the young man’s spirit. Hannibal helped Will settle back in the bed, "In this instance, perhaps yes." Not unaware that Will was a perfectly good liar. His profession would demand it. He left and brought back some water, pain relief and antibiotics, offering them to Will as he sat beside him on the bed, "What is the likelihood you were followed here by your assailant?"

“I told you I killed someone, didn't I?" he murmured, drinking the water and checking over the pills first. Satisfied he knew what they were, he swallowed them down.

Hannibal nodded taking note of the fact Will knew the drugs by sight. "And is killing a regular occupation for you, Will?"

“Is taking care of killers who hold you at gunpoint a regular occupation for you, Doctor."

Hannibal took the glass back and placed it on the table before returning his attention to Will. He pulled the blankets up further making sure to keep him warm. "No. It is not." Not strictly, anyway. Most killers Hannibal met did not end up in his bed. Despite being bloodstained and utterly surely, Will certainly looked better in his bed than any other occupant he could think to remember. "You have already confessed to murder and planning to kill me, what more could you possibly seek to hide at this point, Will?" Hannibal tilted his head forward, gaze dark as he waited for the drugs to take effect.

“Oh, there's plenty to hide, Doctor Lecter," he said, in what felt like very slow motion, his mind a foggy mess. He knew the pain relief would do this, but it was trying to stay ahead of it. He focused on Lecter. "You haven't turned me in because you have a few skeletons in your closet, too."

Hannibal watched as Will's thoughts started to become slow and pliable. "Those who claim not to are either lying or, incredibly dull." Hannibal folded his hands in his lap. "Now, we can verbally fence for the next three days or, we could socialize, like adults. God forbid we become friendly."

"I don't find you that interesting," Will said, almost too honest, but he usually was, with or without the drugs in him.

Hannibal smiled a wry smile, "You will." he stood and before closing the door behind him, he paused, "Goodnight, Will."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Same notes as before, only we're sorry, but not sorry for the cliffhanger. You will be rewarded the next chapter for being so patient. ;)
> Again, not beta'd, all mistakes are our own. please message if you'd care to help out with that.

Will passed out, for how long, he didn't know, but when he woke, the gauze was soaked through, and he'd been drooling. There was a large, wet stain on the pillow. He blinked sleep from his eyes, trying to let them readjust to the early morning sunlight. As he looked around he almost felt bad for staining such nice sheets.

Hannibal knocked and waited for Will to respond. "Good morning, Will."

He nudged the door open as he brought in a small cooked breakfast and coffee. Seeing Will trying to sit up and the gauze leaking through Hannibal flexed his jaw, strode over, sat the tray down and pulled back the rest of the covers and peeled back Will's shirt. "I'll need to redress this and check the stitches." An order not a question. Hannibal the proceeded wash his hands in the small ensuite and then moved back to lean over Will, gazes locked and started gently started unbuttoning his shirt.

"I didn't move," Will said, still in the same spot he was last night. Blue-eyes locked with dark-amber as he looked up and Will shivered, a dark cloud floating over his mind as he felt something admittedly different about the vet today than he had yesterday. Admittedly, he was far more aware now than he had been then, less pain, less panic.

"Good. You slept well." Hannibal looked down at Will's chest where goosebumps ran across his tanned muscles and under his touch.

"Some bleeding can be normal." He worked over the wound, letting his fingers trace the skin a moment before cleaning it and redressing it. Hannibal's hands moved with less urgency

today. He let his gaze drift up to meet Will's a few times as he worked, watching his response to the pain.

The pain was less today, but the touches to it were oddly intimate, making Will feel hot, like he had a fever suddenly. “A good thing you've convinced me to stay then.”

Hannibal did his shirt back up watching him carefully, "It was either that or be shot through the heart."

Will laid back and let the vet do up his shirt. He refused to make a silly Bon Jovi reference, sure the doctor wouldn't get it anyway. "I'd be dead with you, if that were the case."

Hannibal passed Will his coffee, some pain medication and antibiotics, letting that statement hang there a while. Having someone owe you their life is a great debt to be owed indeed, especially by someone like Mr Graham. Hannibal had done some research on his house guest overnight.

Will looked at the medications, one brow raised. "Trying to keep me drugged?"

"Trust is difficult for you." Hannibal gently rested his hand on Will's forehead, "Pain medication and - antibiotics. But you know that by sight, given your trade." Hannibal sat back, a light smile playing on his lips. "You looked as though you may have been running a fever." he said simply but the tone is cool.

"Considering I've had a bullet lodged in me and someone poking around..." Will murmured wryly, but he didn’t lean away from the vet’s touch. "You're treating me as guest," he pointed out, the circumstances unusual, of course. His brows were raised under the vet’s warm hand. He was curious.

Hannibal pulled back, "Hot but no fever. Lucky boy." He handed Will the tray of food, "I am very particular about what I eat. I prefer to prepare all my meals myself. After you eat you should bathe and I will get you some clean clothes." Hannibal spoke as he looked over the blood stains on Will's shirt and the sheets. With no further comment on the mess Hannibal watched Will eat, sipping on his own coffee, "How would you have me treat you, Will?"

“I held you at gunpoint. I didn't expect to be treated to breakfast in bed, is all." He ate some of the scramble, letting the meat sit on his tongue for a moment, and hummed. "It's good."

Hannibal smiled to himself as Will ate, watching the way he shoveled it in "One would never want to become too predictable- Will." Hannibal got up and started pulling out some spare clothes. "Tell me, when the time comes, how do you intend to do it?” his tone was soft and curious as her sorted through the cupboard.

“Kill you?" he asked, drinking the coffee slowly, too hot to guzzle. "My hands. I don't do guns often, actually." His tone was thoughtful and distant.

"So, you will kill me intimately but god-forbid we should be friendly before then." Hannibal turned around, laying out a set of clean clothes. "They will be large on you but should do, until the time comes," he said with a smirk.

"Have you a need for friendliness and intimacy?" Will asked, looking at the clothes briefly.

"No." Hannibal moved over to Will, standing beside the bed, almost looming. "Especially as connection makes you so uncomfortable. I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love." Hannibal turned away to find Will a clean towel.

Will scowled and put the tray aside, all clean plates and empty cup. A vet by trade, surely, but clearly the doctor had done far more medical work than he was leading on. Will felt as though he were being analyze, almost.

Hannibal smiled at the empty plates before turning to Will, "I'm sorry, Will. Observing is what I do." He handed him the soft towel, fingers brushing over his.

“Bathroom is just..." Will gestured without looking back at Hannibal. He took the towel and the clothes in arm, a little unsteady on his feet, but the food had helped.

Hannibal stood near, not hovering but ready to catch if needed. He opened the door to the small ensuite. "Avoid getting the wound or dressing wet. If you give me your clothes, I will get the blood stains out for you."

Will stripped, and left the clothes by the door and stepped in. It was weird having someone watch but he was careful to guard what was private.

Will was smaller than Hannibal, but lithe and strong. More a runner's body than a fighter's but the scars indicated otherwise. His movements were stiff but more fluid than expected. He had demonstrated an unnaturally high pain tolerance yesterday.

Without another word, Hannibal scooped up the clothes and closed the door. He waited outside for just a few moments to ensure Will didn't fall. This was his first time standing on his own since the rudimentary operation yesterday.

Will had no shame, as it was clear after the shower. He felt tired, but he cleaned himself down easily, and then he got out and dried, dressed. He shook out his wet curls and stepped out, looking around. "Doctor Lecter?"

The apartment was small and Will’s call was easily heard. Hannibal opened the bedroom door, "Will." His dark gaze had a faint maroon glow as they raked over the younger man. He was wearing dark pants, an oversized white shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and his dark curls hung over his brilliant blue eyes. "You look... better. How do you feel?" The apartment was filling with the smell of roasting meat and baked herbs.

“Better. Are you cooking, again?" he barely felt like breakfast had passed. Had he been in there that long?

“I wanted my final supper to be something special. Twice roasted pork belly. It will take the day to prepare. I hope it will be to your taste." Hannibal leaned against the door frame, hands in his pockets. "My shirt looks good on you," he watched where the drips from Will’s hair made the white cotton almost transparent.

Will leveled his shoulders and watched Hannibal watch him. He could see the interest. He had to admit, his own had been piqued over night when he had thought everything through. They weren't so different, but different enough. "Thank you."

"You will thank me for my shirt but not for your life." Hannibal licked his lips and flexed his jaw but didn't shift his gaze. "Do you have such little regard for your own existence?" His tone openly curious and warm.

"I don't think at this point I can save myself. And maybe that's fine." Will ran a hand through wet, dark curls.

Hannibal's gaze tracked Will's hands as they ran through his hair before meeting ice-blue eyes. He started to slowly cross the room, as if testing Will with every step "Yet here you are, safe and healing. Today you talk about giving up on what yesterday, you fought for violently for." Hannibal's accent was warm and full, holding Will with its dips and lifts. He looked down over the younger man's face and neck, "What you need is a way out of dark places." With one loose finger he gently tucked a curl behind Will's ear.

A pink flush spread down Will's cheeks to his neck at the touch, an intimate thing, and something he wasn't too comfortable with, but this whole thing was crazy anyway. He didn't quite meet Hannibal's eyes, afraid he'd see too much there, or maybe not enough. "How do you suppose I do get to that?" his tone lower now, almost a mumble.

Hannibal dipped his head, a smile tugging at his cruel lips as he watched the younger man flush. He moved his hand down to Will's shoulder, letting it rest there, his thumb rubbing gently, "I can help you, if you asked me to."

Will's eyes trailed to the spot Hannibal was touching, and then up his arm to his chin, his mouth, and then his eyes. "Help?" almost a whisper now.

Hannibal cants his head, gaze looking over Will's face. "Is the concept so foreign to you, Will?" he murmurs in a soft low tone. His hand drifts up to Will's exposed collarbone, his thumb rubbing the exposed skin just the same.

“I'm usually very good at helping myself. What would you suggest, Doctor?" Will asked, throat dry and trying not to lean into the touch.

Hannibal feels Will's muscle go to lean and then stop. Moving his hand under his chin and tilting it up, "We could start by losing such formalities. My name is Hannibal." His gaze traces the contours of Will's lips, waiting to hear the sound of his name over the young man's tongue

“Hannibal," Will let slip, letting the word hang on a few syllables, drawling his name out in a southern twist.

“Pure empathy." Hannibal smiled a knowing smile. He paused a moment before turning to pick up the empty dishes, "It lets you think like those you hunt. Slip in and out of sight unseen....I can offer you more than three days sanctuary, Will." He walked towards the door but stopped, twisting only at the waist to turn back towards Will, "But you knew that already, didn't you, Will? You knew the moment you fell through my door."

“I had an idea," the brunet said, honestly, going to help with the dishes, not to be a rude guest.

Hannibal set the dishes down, and turned to Will, "Please," he gestured towards the wooden bar stool, "rest, you'll need it."

“I'll need it?" Will asked, letting Hannibal take the dishes. He sat and watched the slightly older man, trying to get a read on him.

Hannibal rolled up his sleeves exposing strong forearms that worked quickly over the sink. After washing his hands he turned and leaned against the stone counter, arms splayed wide behind him, broad chest open letting the younger man read him, "You said you had an idea that I might offer more than three days sanctuary. Does that mean you want my help, Will?"

“I'd like to know what help you can offer me," Will said looking up at the older man with sky-blue eyes, watching with interest, though still keeping a part of himself reserved.

Crossing his legs and slightly raising his eyebrows, "Could it be worse than what you have already found yourself in?" Hannibal's gaze drifted down to the site of the gunshot wound.

“You could kill me, that would be worse," Will said, with a little smirk, he didn’t mean it seriously.

“I could." He let that hang, his expression earnest before slowly moving over, "But the world is more interesting with you in it."

“You hardly know me. How can you really be sure, Hannibal?" Will urged the name out of his mouth with ease, testing it still.

Leaning down, Hannibal gently kissed the younger man just once, chastely. His plump, sculptured lips meeting Will's soft pink mouth "My tastes are singular and decisive. Say please, and we can disappear tonight."

Will wanted to ask of the practice here, the animals, all of it, but instead he licked his lips once to taste the trace of Hannibal's mouth against his, breath shallow for a beat, blinking from lips to eyes, seeing nothing but honest, horrible truths. "Please."

Normally Hannibal would express a wicked joy at the success of his manipulations. But this felt different. Instead he simply threaded his fingers through Will's hair, tugging slightly as he leaned down over him and kissed him deeper.

Will was curious, he had to be honest, and his honesty was rewarded with more lips, Hannibal's lips, against his own. He gripped Hannibal's shirt with one first, pulling him in, allowing himself to taste as they kissed, a groan ripping through his own chest - greedy and wanton.

"Will..." Hannibal half murmured, half moaned against the younger man’s urgent kiss. He should be being careful considering the wound but he let himself be dragged in, pressing his hips down on the younger man’s own, as his tongue slipped inside Will's silken mouth.

Will had wanted to do this since Hannibal opened the door last night. He'd wanted to reach in and touch his tongue, feel his mouth, and hold him down against the surgery table. Urges like this didn't come often to Will, and when they did he held them back, he couldn't afford to let himself go, to be seen... He slid his tongue over Hannibal's as he widened his thighs to accommodate him between them. He winced as he stretched wide to move around the width of the broader man.

Pushing between his thighs and feeling his hardness, Hannibal moaned and tipped Will's head back, kissing deeper, tongues tangling. He started to lift the hem of Will's shirt, exposing the taught skin and tight muscles there. "We'll need to be careful, in many more ways than one," he groaned against Will's mouth.

Will shivered at the touch, a little more free with himself as the pain killers coursed through him, and maybe that's what Hannibal wanted, but he couldn't be bothered to care too much. He panted against Hannibal's mouth, tugging him down to kiss him again. "Oh?"

Hannibal's hand slid up under Will's shirt, over the warm, sleek skin of his flank. His expert fingers tracing cut muscle. As he was pulled down into another hungry kiss he was was he was slipping into the snare of his own manipulation but lust overtook his senses. "You are wounded," he panted between bites and licks, "and there will be consequences when we run." He moaned as Will licked his mouth, "That tongue..."

Will got the distinct feeling he was being tasted for a meal, as if Lecter wondered what he might taste like when devoured whole. He sucked on Hannibal's tongue in turns, grunting. "What consequences?"

A low growl rumbled as Will sucked on him like that, his own chest expanding with heated breaths whilst his blood pumped hot with want. Holding Will's face with both hands, Hannibal leaned down, kissing and murmuring against Will's jaw. "You were right, Will. I have my own skeletons. Sudden absence is always conspicuous. But if we are to get you away from this," his hand very gently brushed the wound, "we should leave." Both hands stroked over Will's chest and back as he bit down his neck with small, sharp bites.

"You sound as though you need out as much as I do," Will whispered through clenched teeth at the bites, head lulled back on his neck, exposing his throat and neck to Hannibal, hand still tight in his shirt.

Coming back up to standing, Hannibal ripped open Will's shirt and caught him in a violent kiss - all clashing teeth and tongues as he tugged his hips closer, pressing his thick cock into Will's thigh. His growl was only drowned out by the sound of crashing wood and voices downstairs.

The grunting noise Will made was eaten by Hannibal's lusty kiss, and only to be cut short when the commotion downstair disrupted them. Will was thoroughly caught off guard and noticeably irritated. "Expecting someone?"

“No." Gunshots fired as the vet nurses were executed one by one downstairs. Hannibal reached for the kitchen knives and turned to Will, dragging him off the stool and pulling him behind the kitchen door with him. "Be brave and I will kill you myself."

There was little Wil could do in his condition, and Hannibal clearly didn't want to stitch him back up. Will stayed behind the door, his gun nowhere to be seen now, he'd lost track of it. His silence was his only answer to the other man.

Three intruders ripped through the apartment as Hannibal kept one hand firmly on Will's chest. As the first man came through the kitchen door Hannibal threw all his weight against it, slamming the door and dropping the man to the floor. In one slice he spilled the man's jugular over the wooden floorboards. He picked up the man's gun, rounded his shoulders and waited for the others. Neither Hannibal's expression or rate of breathing shifted. He'd done this before, more than once.

Will observed with raised brows and mild interest, though watching Hannibal was like watching a theatre, magnificent and bold, with flare and stage presence. He knew there'd been a reason he came here. "Give me the gun."

Hannibal pressed the gun into Will's hand, locking eyes for just a moment. He turned and picked up a second knife. A giant of a man barged through the door as Hannibal's back was turned, knocking him down. Crashing to the floor, Hannibal slashed at the giant's achilles felling and rolling on top of him, sinking one knife into the giant’s shoulder.

The giant smacked Hannibal back with the butt of his gun just as the third intruder stormed in. "Will." Hannibal warned between bloody breaths as he fought with the giant.

There was no hesitation, Will cocked hammer and pulled the trigger, once into the giant's head, and the second into the third man's chest, right in his heart. Under duress, he was a much better shot than at the range.

Hannibal was still on the floor, covered in blood. and panting hard. Will stood above him gun in hand. "Well, Will, this would be your moment Are you still planning on using your hands?" Hannibal looked around at the mess and then back up at Will’s stern expression.

“No, not now that I finally find you interesting," Will said, squatting with some pain, but he managed, and helped Hannibal up.

Hannibal smiled as he stood. "Interesting," he snatched another hungry kiss from Will, the carnage all around and over him making his blood pump all the hotter. "We need to leave." He pulled out two cans of gasoline from the pantry - ready for just an - occasion. "Free the animals, I'll meet you out back."

Will sighed into the kiss, hungry for it. When Hannibal finally let go he walked to the cages down stairs, below the apartment, and let the animals free. Hannibal had been compassionate to them, he realized, in letting them go. He lead them out and met Hannibal out back.

Hannibal met him in the alley way, watching the animal's run free as the building burned. "Even now my compassion surprises you." He bends down to check Will's wound, sighing. "I need to attend to your wound again, but not now." After a few moments Hannibal had broken into a nearby car. He opened the door, "Going my way?"

Will stared at him for a moment, wondering why they didn't just take Hannibal's car, but he had a feeling the reason was surely the secrets and skeletons in his closet. He got into the passenger seat, and buckled in.

“You know Will, you worry too much." Leaving his car at the scene of the fire would help ensure that the police believed Hannibal was dead. There would be enough human remains in his house to confuse even the best forensic team, at least for a while. Shifting the car into gear and getting them away quickly and easily, he reached over and laid a gentle hand on Will's thigh, smiling broadly as they hit the open road.

"I get the feeling you've done this before," he murmured, after a short while of driving, mulling things over in his mind, staring at Hannibal's hand on his thigh, which made him think of his mouth pressed against his.

“Your lucky day then, all things considered. Those men were not friends of mine, Will." Not that Hannibal minded. He squeezed Will's thigh and let go as they pulled into his house on the bluff.

“I'm... aware," Will sighed, and looked at the large house, much larger than anything he'd grown up in or lived before and certainly not the house of a common vet. Slowly, he got out of the car, aware his wound site was leaking and aching dully.

Hannibal saw how pale and pained Will was. He strode quickly to his side and scooped him up, looking over his face before carrying him inside. Will needed blood but Hannibal simply didn't have access to any and therefore, couldn't risk him losing any more. "You should have told me you were bleeding."

“Only just realized when we got out," he said, too focused on Hannibal inside his own mind that he hadn't noticed.

Hannibal laid him out on the couch, gathered up what medical supplies he had and paused before unbuttoning his shirt. Although technically for medical reasons it felt different this time. He started to unbutton quickly, gaze never shifting rom Will, "Whatever could have distracted you from the fact you were bleeding your life away?" Half teasing and half trying to distract the younger man from the pain.

"A very handsome doctor, and his very wicked mouth," Will muttered, staring at his mouth now as Hannibal undid his shirt.

Hannibal merely raised an eyebrow as those words left Will's mouth. Looking down briefly he found the edge of the dressing and started to peel it back. Leaning up, he kissed Will hard and ripped the dressing off in one move. "Don't distract me, horrid boy."

Will grunted against Hannibal's mouth, a faint smile on his lips. "I will just sit here then and let you work."

Hannibal smiled a sharped tooth grin as he returned to his work, sandy grey hair hanging in his eyes. His movements were now tender and caring as he cleaned and re-dressed the wound. He was quite sure he would never grow tired of touching the younger man's bare flesh.

"You know, Will, there are better ways to seduce me as opposed to getting shot." he smirked briefly. As he finished up, he squeezed Will's hand and gave him some more medication. "Is there anything you need before we clean up?" They were both still blood stained and sweaty. Between them they had all but ruined his leather sofa.

Will chuckled, though it ached to do so, and took the pills as he eyed Hannibal curiously. "What means of clean up?"

Hannibal looked down at his own ruined clothes and back at where Will's blood had stained the leather with a mild distain. He was also going to need to burn their clothes and roll the stolen car off the cliff to hide the evidence. But getting caught in the sea-green of Will's eyes, all concern melted away.

"Perhaps just a wash down in order to keep the wound dry but enough to remove the blood and grime - evidence. Come, let me help you. Then I'll feed you." He offered Will his arm to lean on.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> Same notes as before. This was gratuitous smut chapter, granted but it all adds up, promise.
> Again, not beta'd, all mistakes are our own. please message if you'd care to help out with that.

The bathroom was all luxurious stone with ocean views but seeing how much pain Will was in Hannibal doubted that he would be able to take in the full pleasures of the amenities, yet.

"I feel like we're doing this dance," Will said, letting Hannibal help him to the bathroom, and then rested up against the marble counter, looking out of the large windows and taking in the view for a moment. "Tend to me, feed me... I hope the next part entails more of what happened at your clinic."

Hannibal pulling out some towels, cloths and various soaps. Looking in the mirror and then over at Will he sighed, lines of tension around his eyes. Will Graham was proving a dangerous temptation. He looked down over where he was wounded and part of Hannibal fantasized about digging his hands deeper into his flesh just to feel the delicious, ripe, pump of his blood against his skin. Everything about Will was edible. "The next part? You mean more carnage and blood?" Hannibal teased in soft tones as as he carefully covered the gauze with plastic before preparing to wash Will down.

“If that is what the kids are calling it these days," Will teased back, a grin against his otherwise pallid and pained expression.

Hannibal watched Will's face as he started to unbutton his own shirt, leaning his head back and to the side as he did. He was still tacky with blood and sweat as he peeled away the cotton from the dusting of hair across his pecs. He slowly revealed a broad chest that was strapped with heavy muscle - right down to the tapered V of his waist. "I don't quite believe there are words on what I plan to do to you, Will." His tone low and his accent thick - a subtle warning.

Will's eyes skimmed what was presented to him like a gift, unwrapped slowly, and more perfect than he imagined. His tongue felt slack in his mouth for a moment as his eyes roved back to Hannibal's, meeting them there. "Is that a threat?"

With feline grace and long elegant fingers, he ran a cloth under the faucet and dabbed on some soap - the faint smell of sandalwood and orange filling the air. He moved to stand in front of Will, his stance slightly wide so that Will's slim thighs were between his thick muscular ones. He ran the damp cloth under Will's jaw and down his throat, his claret eyes following the wet trail. "If we do this, there is no going back. Things seen can't go unseen. If we do this, we can do it again, day after day until we go into the ground. But I can never let you go. You will be as much my prisoner and I am yours. You understand?" his tone was soft but final.

Will let Hannibal's words settle on his heart the way the water from the cloth settled on his skin, slippery and even, sweet. He looked up into Hannibal's eyes, searching for a deeper reason, but only found honesty and sincerity. "Yes. I understand."

Hannibal nodded as he cupped the back of Will's neck with one large hand, the other sliding over his chest leaving a warm, wet trail. Will's skin blushed pink from the warmth. He pressed the cloth over his sternum, feeling his rapid pulse. He pressed harder again, wishing he could crack it open and see the live beating of Will Graham's heart. Instead, he leaned in to taste his lips - nothing urgent, yet.

The other man's lusty need for something darker didn't get past Will, but he let the thought slide away as he felt smooth lips on his own. He placed a hand on Hannibal's hip as they shared breath together.

Hannibal could taste an equal dark need on Will's breath, whether the man was aware of it or not. A kiss that had started as a gentle press of lips grew in heat and want as Hannibal cleaned down Will's back in long, slow strokes. Pulling back he wet the cloth again, claret eyes glowing crimson in the mirror as his long hands turned over one another in the steady flow.

Turning back Hannibal paused a moment, a wry grin on his lips as he took in the ever changing blue of Will's eyes. He let his fingers lazily trace along the seam of Will's trousers before pushing them down, leaving only his boxer shorts in place.

A little snarl escaped his mouth when Hannibal pulled back from him, stripping him down to his last layers, thin and threadbare. Will snaked a hand up Hannibal's hip to his chest, gathering hairs in his fingers as he tugged and palmed in turns.

Hannibal was a man who prided himself on self-control, but hearing the snarl and seeing the hard outline of Will's length almost undid him. He steadied himself with one hand against the counter. The other gripped the wet cloth, dripping water down the younger man's lightly muscled abdomen. His eyes locked with Will's as his even breath slipped into panting.

"Sponge bathing me?" Will quipped, voice rough with lust as he bit at Hannibal's mouth, competing for control as he pressed his hips forward, all but begging to be touched.

Hannibal groaned and scowled at Will, his own trousers strained. It was all he could do not to spin the injured man down, spread him and take him there. Heaving a deep breath and steadying himself he sank down to one knee and let the wet cloth glide up the back of Will's leg. His face hovered dangerously close to Will's groin but never quite close enough. He licked his lips and flexed his jaw as he scented in the sweet musk of Will's leaking cock.

Will narrowed his eyes, hands now resting on his own thighs as he watched Hannibal clean him, as though it were his task, when they both knew it was a distraction, a way to draw out a moment they'd both been thinking about since that morning. "I didn't know I got blood all the way down there..."

Hannibal slid the cloth up Will's thigh and looked up, "Are you saying you would prefer me to get up off my knees, Will?"

Will canted his head; "No. I think you're fine there."

Hannibal smiled a slow, cheshire cat smile and shifted his hand higher up Will's inner thigh, gripping harder. He spoke in hot, low, reverberating tone just near to Will's twitching cock, "Just here?"

Will's flush deepened down his neck and up to his ears, enhancing his already bright blue eyes. "And there," he breathed out, feeling the strain of his cock press against his boxers, but they did nothing to hide his girth

Hannibal placed the cloth on the counter but stayed on his knees. He let his hands grip Will's hips, steadying him there as he licked and grazed his cannibal's teeth along the top of his boxers, soaking the material. "Anywhere else, Will?" He murmured through the material and against his leaking cock.

“Lower..." the younger man said, motioning, aware that Hannibal was only complying because he wanted to, not because Will demanded it.

Hannibal was not one for taking orders, let alone being on his knees. However, he would be in denial if he said didn't get a dark thrill from taking orders from Will whilst down between his thighs. With hands and teeth he tugged off Will's boxers and let his cock spring free. A small growl rumbled deep in Hannibal's chest as his fingers curled into the coarse hair there and his tongue licked the salty-sweet bead of pre-cum off the thick head of Will's cock.

“Greedy," Will murmured, hand in Hannibal's ashen hair now, gripping tightly as he watched the older man hungrily take what Will offered up freely here.

Hannibal grunted as Will tugged his hair. He looked up and smiled a wicked kind of smile, "If you only knew... Horrid boy." Gripping Will's hip bone and tugging at the base of his cock with one thumb stroking over his balls, Hannibal unclicked and opened his jaws, taking Will's length in one, long, firm, wet suck.

Will gasped when he was taken down, and leaned his hips forward to get the full effect, utterly gutted by the feeling. "Hannibal-"

Loving the sound of his name in Will's mouth, Hannibal moved his hands around to grip and spread Will's cheeks, his fingers just teasing at the cleft. He sucked and tongued Will's cock in firm, quick strokes lewd wet sounds echoing around the tiled room. With absolute precision he let the firm hold of his plump lips flick over the head whilst his teeth gently grazed the shaft on the downward strokes. Hannibal took in every, long hard inch of Will basking in the pleasure as if it were his own.

Gasping groans escaped Will, not afraid to be loud in their being alone. He tugged on silky hair and pressed his hips forward, him being the greedy one this time.

Hannibal smiled as he was forced to choke down Will's cock, the hint of salt hitting the back of his throat. But as Will groaned like that, Hannibal felt his own cock twitch and strain with need. Flexing his arms, Hannibal dug his fingers deep enough into Will's hip and ass to bruise. Hannibal wanted them both to know he had been there. He needed to claim what was now his Bringing his hands back around he caressed Will's tight balls and sucked down harder and faster, his tongue twirling as he did.

That earned a swear from Will’s mouth, and squeeze of fingers as he pulled hair, rough with the man who held his cock in his mouth, Will didn't care. He lived dangerously. His eyes drifted half shut as the heated bliss started boiling through his testicles.

Hannibal grunted and moaned as he was yanked forward and sworn at. If it had been anyone but Will Graham he would have been reciting recipes. But Will's lustful abandon just drove him to suck harder. His fingers now slick with saliva slid and teased over and around Will's hole. His own blood pumping hot and fast in his veins a low thrum in his ears.

“Hannibal-" it was a warning, and if Hannibal wanted participation in this in anyway, they had to do it now. "Please." Will tugged on strands harder, hip bucking into the other hot, perfect mouth around him.

Will's begging was a rapturous sound and something Hannibal planned on hearing more of. But Will was injured and although a killer, Hannibal was not without compassion for things that were his Hannibal was also a man who was not inclined to - rush, preferring to savor every experience, especially ones as rare as Will Graham. So despite the aching, throbbing need between his thighs, Hannibal continued to suck and tease Will whose bucking hips bruised and split Hannibal's greedy lips The taste of his own blood and Will's salty musk was almost enough to bring him to the edge of pleasure alone.

The moment was lost, but Will was lost in his own, sliding down the ropes of pleasure as he let go completely, white hot and horribly perfect, he spilled down Hannibal's throat in spurts.

Hands roaming over hips and thighs, Hannibal lapped up every drop of Will's salty pleasure, humming slightly as he did. Rising to standing, he cupped Will's face and kissed him long

and deep, letting him taste himself there. "Beautiful." He murmured. However, he was yet unwashed and started to unbuckle as they kissed.

Will helped Hannibal out of his trousers, kissing the taste of himself from his mouth. He let his fingers tease the skin.

Hannibal continued to kiss Will's pillowy lips as he reached for a soft towel and wrapped Will in it. Still standing proudly naked in his full Vitruvian form, he turned Will around to look in the mirror, he himself looking down over his shoulder. He pressed his thick, hard cock up against Will's ass as he spoke, "Mielasis, you are still recovering. When I claim you, and I will claim you, I plan to claim you wholly and completely. But I will not have you bleed out for my pleasure just yet." Will wouldn't catch his humour at this point but Hannibal smiled darkly none the less. "Let me shower. Then I shall cook for you. Treat my house as your home."

His hands planted on the counter as he raised a brow toward Hannibal, through the mirror. Dark and claiming, the thought should be fearing, but found it attractive. "You sure you won't let me finish you?"

"I think the term one used was greedy" Hannibal bit down on Will's shoulder, gazes still locked. Will really should be resting but this man before him was a sinful temptation that would cause the devil himself to lose course.

“I can be as greedy as I want, I'm the guest," Will chided, and tugged Hannibal to him, snarl another kiss between teeth.

The air was all but crushed out of his lungs in a grunting groan as Will dragged him in. Hannibal's accent was thick and smooth now, "Never let it be said I am anything but an exemplary host." His hands came to rest on Will's hips as his split and bruised lips sunk into a delightfully painful kiss.

“As host, you are allotted a gift," Will crooned into his mouth, " do you want it now or after we eat?"

Hannibal snatched Will's hair in a fist and growled against his lips, "You offer a thin illusion of choice with that wicked mouth of yours." Ignoring the wound, he grinds his hips down against Will, pushing him back against the counter.

“Going against your morals?" The brunet quipped, rolling his naked hips against Hannibal's, innocent and lewd.

"Thoroughly." Hannibal gripped Will's naked hip harder, his thumb digging into the wound as he forces his thighs apart with his knee. Still holding a fistful of hair, Hannibal watches Will's face with keen curiosity as his kisses grow slower and softer - a calm before the storm.

“I knew you would," Will murmured through the coil of pain and pleasure that was crossing signals in his brain. His throat was bared like this, but his eyes were anything but submissive.

Hannibal grazed sharp teeth down Will's neck and bit at his collar bone leaving yet another mark against his perfect, caramel skin. Pinning his wrists against the counter as his hips started to slowly thrust, "And what made you so sure, Will?"

“You have compassion for those who think as darkly as you do," Will groaned, eyes lidded and dark with lust, he could feel himself grow hard again, so many wasted years without sexual contact.

Hannibal took pause, yanking Will's head back further to examine dark-blue eyes, wondering just how much Will Graham's empathy was sensing. A dangerous thrill shot through him at the thought of being fully seen in this moment. "Tell me, Will, what darkly compassionate thoughts am I having now?" He gently pinched the fresh bite mark on Will's shoulder as he pressed his thigh against Will's cock.

Will's sea-blue eyes met Hannibal's with a lust blown gaze, seeing not just the person he presented, but the monster inside that clawed to be set free, so Will reached and clawed one hand against Hannibal's heart, to rip the tears of the seams sewn there to cage him in. "I see enough, but not all. You're afraid, but you think you can confide in me, let me see you. A rare gift."

Breathless but not afraid, Hannibal stopped Will's fingers raking over his heart lest the darkness did bleed out and drown them both in this moment. Part of him wished it would, so then it would be this perfect forever - never changing between them - an onyx monument to nakedness and lust.

"And what would you do with such a rare gift, Will?" All his focus was on the heady thump of his heart under Will's palm. He wished Will would cave his chest in –echoing his own desires just now. Then he could finally see his own darkness reflected back at him as Will held his still beating heart and shattered bones in his hand. It was then, in that moment, that he knew Will Graham was the only one that could hold his heart.

“Treasure it," Will found himself saying, his own heart open and bleeding out for the other man, wanting someone to catch it

"Honor it," Hannibal murmured as he leaned down and dragged his hot, broad tongue over Will's chest - just where his heart would be. He turned Will around so they were both facing the mirror, one hand gently holding his neck, the other drifting down his side. Claret eyes meeting blue, "Tell me yes, Will."

Recklessness wasn't something Will was very often, but the last twenty four hours had been nothing but that. When Hannibal held his neck like that, his blood buzzed hot through his veins. "Yes."

Hannibal's eyes darkened but stayed locked with Will's as he felt his pulse quicken under his grip. His other hand moved down and cupped his cheek, parting it slightly as he started to rut in long, slow sweeping thrusts. He leaned back to watch the dance of Will's back muscles as he teased over his hole.

Will almost laughed himself into a stupor at how close and yet so far they are. He spreads, thighs apart and hands flat to the counter. He is exposed like this, near embarrassingly so. "Going to pick now to be gentle?"

Hannibal gently strokes the palm of Will's hand. "And the most intimate thing I have ever offered." He arched his brow. Hannibal just raises an eyebrow. The pain always hurts more after a little tenderness. Will wasn't fooled. Grabbing Will's neck, he arches the younger man

back and kisses the corner of his mouth. He hummed against his lips before shoving two and then three fingers in Will's mouth forcing him to suck.

The brunet let out a gasping moan of pleasure, sucking on the fingers, well aware of where they would go next, making a point to salivate and use his tongue on each digit, lewd enough to draw sound from the other man.

As low, hungry moan escaped Hannibal’s lips as he felt Will's tongue slip around his fingers. He rolled his neck and flexed his jaw, tense with pent up desire he'd felt since laying eyes on the young man. It was with painful precision that Hannibal's dripping wet fingers slid down over his hole, up around his tight balls and back again. His cock thrusting and rolling against the back of Will's thigh.

Panting and pleased and yet an all together annoyed groan, Will nipped Hannibal's jaw as he teased him in turns. Head leaned back, Will bit Hannibal's ear. "Fuck me before I decide to fuck you instead."

“So pretty when you beg." Hannibal leaned against Will's back and wrapped his thick arm around his neck and shoulders. He pushed his one finger and then a second. He swirled, thrust and scissored his fingers. "You think you could fuck me, Will?" He watched Will in the mirror a faint smile on his lips but eyes still smouldering dark as he kicked his legs apart even wider.

"I know I could. I have to make you beg for it first," Will said, as if he was already thinking about it, the way he'd make the good vet beg on his knees, and moan his name for it. Will dropped to his elbows on the counter, ass pressed out and against Hannibal, and rolled back against his fingers.

Hannibal knew Will was goading him. Let him, he thought. Pulling back he slammed Will's head down hard on the counter and yanked his hips back as he thrust his cock in hard and fast, filling him completely. He fucked him roughly and wantonly as he growled and bit at his back. "Such promises you make with that wretched pretty mouth."

Pain bloomed through his mind as Will saw stars for a moment, and then a trickle of red as blood ran down his forehead, into his vision. It didn't stop him from moaning as he found

purchase against the marbled counter with his fingers gripped tight against the edge, gasping when Hannibal tapped his prostate with even prodding of his cock. "Prick."

Hannibal rose up on the balls of his feet as he ground and pounded down in to Will, seeking out that tight bundle of nerves that would send him over the edge. He slapped his ass hard enough to bruise, "Rude," he hissed and growled. A pool of heat was building in his back and thighs but he kept his thumping pace regardless.

Pain filled Will’s senses just as quickly as the pleasure, one mixing with the other; it was hard to tell which was which. Will pressed his ass back, not one to back down, taking Lecter in with huffed out moans as blood spilled down his face onto the countertop. "Fuck you."

There was a line, there was always a line, even for someone as rare as Will Graham. He dragged Will back by his hair, pulled out and threw him to the floor. Kicking his legs apart Hannibal lowered himself over him, just as a predator going in for the kill. "Fuck me, Will?" Without any grace or warning Hannibal slammed himself hard into Will. With every downward thrust he pushed the entire weight of his body down, crushing Will hard into the floor, grinding his bones against stone tiles. Blood slowly started to seep out and bloom across the floor, Will's bullet wound ripped open anew.

It would always be this. Things Will had only ever dreamed, things he saw in remakes of other people, but now it was in his hands, on his clothes, all over the floor, his hair. Blood. So much of it and he realized it was his own. Hands slick with it, he couldn't find grip on anything as Hannibal crushed and fucked him, and it was blissfully good. A low growl escaped his throat, and did the only thing he could do. He used his heel and kicked Hannibal off of him with surprising strength, panting with darkened eyes as he finally managed to his feet, covered in blood.

Hannibal was prone to blood-lust. He kept in under tight control, only letting out for a carefully planned kill... Then, Will Graham happened. He sat panting on the floor staring up at Will and the blood running off him. His same dark hunger reflected back at him. It was glorious. He licked his lips once, memorizing the scene before he rose to standing and quickly grabbed a towel, pressing it hard over the wound to stop the bleeding, his gaze never leaving Will's as he cupped his head. "We are going to need more blood at this rate."

“Save yourself the trouble and let me die," he said, tense, teasing the lines of what it was Hannibal needed and wanted from him. He took the towel from Hannibal's hands and pressed

it there himself, though it was just soaking through at this rate. His vision was doubling, likely from the head injury.

Hannibal wrapped himself in a robe and scooped Will up, keeping pressure on the wound as he carried him back to the couch. Inspecting the wound he cleaned it quickly and readied the thread to stitch Will up again. As he injected a small dose of morphine and without looking up he stated simply, "I am not finished with you, yet." He had no intentions of letting Will Graham die now or, any time soon but it seemed the young man wanted to dance a dangerous dance. "Tell me, Will, do you want to die?" He pushed the needle through and started to stitch quickly.

Will was starting to piece it all together, eyes closed as the doctor worked on him, breath shallow, and the vision behind his eyes worked to put the person Hannibal was there, for him to see. A beautiful monster, a perfect disaster of a person, though poised and elegant. He laughed at the question. "No, not now that I have finally found an interesting reason to live."

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Just more smut, really. No shame

Chapter Notes

1) not beta'd, if you'd like to offer services, please contact one of us. Second author will be added soon. (tech. difficulties).
2) this is an AU,
3) It is transcribed from Roleplay, so it does read a lot like one. Keep in mind thanks.

The scar would be jagged and mean after being split and stitched twice. His only regret was that it wasn't his scar claiming Will's skin. That would come, in time. He frowned and turned his head slightly at Will's answer, but he was flattered, of course. "Good," he offered up a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. One should live for oneself, before anyone else. But as he looked over Will, he wondered if he didn't now feel the same. He smoothed on another dressing and examined Will's eyes and asked a few basic questions. No concussion but he was pale. He may need blood after all. He leaned and kissed his head, speaking against the skin there, "How do you feel?"

“High," he murmured, not sure he had felt the kiss to the head or not, or if his mind was playing tricks on him. Will had no want to die, but his life had been extraordinarily boring up until this point, having never met someone so interesting that he was sure to live without him in his life, would be like death anyway. It'd be interesting to see if they could, now, survive separation as Will felt their lines start to blur with understanding.

Hannibal couldn't risk taking Will to hospital or, leaving him alone to get the much needed blood for a transfusion. He would need to call in a favor. After ensuring Will was comfortable in his bed, he rifled through his wallet and found his donor card. He then called Chiyoh and organized a delivery of medication and blood. Will woke shortly after the transfusion started, colour slowly returning to his cheeks and relief washing over Hannibal's tightened facial expression.

"Will," he sat down next to him on the bed, hand on his thigh.

“How long was I out?" he asked, aware he was in a bed now, clothed in just pants, but it was something, and the mess of blood was gone, cleaned from him once again. He should feel intruded on, but couldn't imagine how.

"A while." Hannibal checked over the IV fluids and blood. "You've had a transfusion. You should be feeling a bit better." He took the younger man's hand, rubbing it with his thumb, "We will need to be more careful. At least for a while." He handed Will some water. "Did you at least find what you were looking for?" He canted his head, tone and expression mild.

"I think I found more than what I was looking for," Will said, suggestion in his lowered tone that he didn't mind that either.

Hannibal ran his hand along Will's bare shoulder. "Though as they say, as the abyss looks into you..." He'd seen himself in Will, just as clearly as Will had seen himself in Hannibal. It unnerved him and thrilled him. He just hoped they'd both survive it. "I don't tolerate rudeness except... that hot mouth of yours seems to unleash a certain frenzy." He leaned in and kissed him gently. "But I am not prone to offering warnings, Will." Next time, he would fuck past the blood. He was a sadist after all, no matter the compassion and fierce protectiveness he felt over Will in this very moment - an urge to make Will *his*. "Are you hungry?"

"You'll find I'm little more than rude," he warned, a gleam in his sea colored eyes. When he was able, Hannibal would find that Will fought back beautifully. He had a hunger that was more than just his stomach. "Starved."

Hannibal considered the man a long moment, his head slowly canting as he sucked and rolled his lower lip. The young man's hunger pressed in on him and he felt a sharp heat rise beneath his skin, ready to claw free. He had been aching to share such delights with someone. Hannibal would never admit to the loneliness he felt in his carefully constructed world. Lost in storm-blue eyes as he reached up and gently traced Will's fine featured face and severe jaw, "I do believe you will be the death of me, wicked boy. As only you could." He picked up his hand and kissed it. "What do you feel you can stomach at this very moment?” Hannibal could be cruel but he would *always* lavish and care for what was *his* .

“Could you manage something as mundane as soup?" Will asked, taking in all the faucets of Hannibal Lecter. He was, as Will's empathy was allowing him to see, a man with many trains of thoughts, one was purely for his entertainment, the others were methodical.

“Your wish is my command," he whispered darkly against the back of Will's hand.

That afternoon and in the week to come Hannibal tended to Will's wounds and cooked almost around the clock, serving up whatever he desired. Every day at four they would take a stroll along the bluff at whatever pace Will could manage whilst housekeeping and gardeners came though - thinking the house was nothing more than a holiday residence. While Will spent time reading and sleeping, Hannibal drew and worked in his study. Some time was spent together talking, some time was spent together in comfortable silence. At night, they slept dreamless slumbers in each other’s arms - nothing more. More due to Hannibal's restraint than Will's. But while the picture might be that of domestic bliss there were dark undertones that they were both dancing around until Will healed. It wasn't until late in the second week, over a bottle of bold, smooth red Hannibal finally broached the subject, "Tell me, Will, when did you first *see* what I was? You waited until you were at your most vulnerable to prod the darkness and see if it bit back."

The weeks rolled by and Will hardly noticed, they were quaint and they talked like old friends might, and Will was seeing a lot in Hannibal that was endearing and bold, a sweet symphony of many chords, that Will wanted to play all at once. If only he were a musician. Perhaps Hannibal would teach him. He sipped the wine, looking up over his book at Hannibal, contemplating his answer. "When you killed that man. A glimpse. It wasn't until I saw your hunger to devour me whole that I was certain. For that, I had to be vulnerable and *trusting* ."

Just as Will ached to pluck at the heartstrings of Hannibal, Hannibal longed to sink-- if not drown-- in the oceanic depths of Will Graham. Push in through the precious blue of his eyes, feel the watery *pop* and sink his fingers into his mind. He would let the rips and cross tides pull him under and reveal the deep dark melancholy and violence that ebbed between the neurons there, waiting to breach the surface and stain the world with its strange hues and rapid sparks. "You handed me your trust the moment you fell in my door. You saw what I was before we even began. I am not prone to hunting and devouring the vulnerable, at least not in *that* way." Hannibal had standards after all. He had shocked even himself with the ę t ūž is Will had brought out of him that night. But Will was still here and Hannibal still had every intention of claiming him as his own - maybe even offering himself up in the process. Hannibal set the glass aside and leaned in, scenting Will, "But there is something about you... ž avus." He recalled Will standing above him in the bathroom, blood stained, lustful and dark, reeking of sex and violence. It was a vision of himself. They were...blurring. "You have my trust. You have had a glimpse of my world. What is it you really *want* , Will?"

What *did* he really want? That was a question he'd been asking himself for ages. There was a lot he could, a lot he could ask for here, but in the sum of things, he really just needed to one thing, one thing that most people wanted, and most people *got* , because they could call themselves normal.

Will was not normal.

"To be seen. To be... understood." He took a breath, deep and hallow, setting his glass of wine down, book draped over his knee now. "I think you want the same thing."

This, *thi* s is the point at which Hannibal *should* be being careful. Where he should heed the very warning he'd uttered in his kitchen they day they had run. He picked up his glass and swirled the blood red liquid, opening up the flavours, sniffed it and took a small sip – a faint line of ochre on his wide lips. "Last time you sought to understand me it almost killed you." He leaned back against the table, long legs crossed and tailored navy shirt rolled up his elbows. His deep set eyes blinked slowly, "Something tells me I would be risking the same to understand you, Will." And the thought delighted him, practically intoxicated him - more so than any wine.

Will watched the other man, eyes easing over his frame, the way he stood, the way he leaned, the way he sipped wine. The curl of fingers around the stem of glass, the set of his eyes, the wrinkles around the edges. Will took in every facet of Hannibal's person suit, and then slowly started to strip away the varnish, uncovering the blackened heart and soul of the man he really was. Dark, daunting, perfect. It's all Will could do to stop himself from reaching in and tugging out that blackened heart and bite a hole right through it.

"You had an upper hand as my doctor and surgeon. My wounds were to your winning and my deficit." Will canted his head slightly, a flirty sort of tilt that made his brown curls flop in front of his sea glass eyes. "Perhaps next time it will be your blood I am bathed in, Hannibal."

Hannibal raises his glass slightly, "Perhaps," the curl of his tone was more a question than a statement. Will was seeking to challenge him - goad the monster, again. "Your wounds were to *your* winning. My compassion for you is inconvenient." He mused considering all the things he wanted to do to the slender young man.

Leaning forward he brushed a chocolate curl back and watched Will's eyes flutter in the most coquettishly way. "But not all darkness is brutal." Hannibal set his broad shoulders back as he rolled and sucked his tongue before taking another small sip of wine idly wondering who would draw first blood this time.

"Your compassion for me?"

Amused, the brunet watched the other man's fingers thread through his curls and then settle back again. There was a kinship here that was very new, but very old at the same time, like two souls who had somehow found their way back to the other. Hatred and love a like, fists and lips just the same.

"Darkness is as alluring as the light. Yours calls to me. Beckons me. In my dreams, my *nightmares* ..."

Hannibal arched a brow at him, and sets his head back on his shoulders as though contemplating something deeper. His curiosity peaked; curiosity could be a dangerous thing.

His long fingers ran over the stem of the glass imagining it as the bones of Will's brittle neck. It's true his compassion would never see him actually *snap* Will's neck but he would certainly want to see how far it could *bend* under his influence.

"Are you trying to seduce me, Will?" he teased, smirking over his glass while all he could think about was how he wanted to give that pretty, pink mouth of his a good fucking.

"Is it working?" Will's words came out a slow drawl of southern points and clicks, soft and subtle, but so clearly there. He wanted to throw down his book and straddle the man right there, pin him to the sofa, and show him all the ways and things he'd never done to anyone else.

Will wasn't the sort of man who lusted, or wanted, or put in motion the things he thought he should go after. He was simply at ease *being* , but Hannibal dragged out a large empty part of him, a part that needed filling, and if the older wouldn't do it, cement would have to do, and a good plunge over that damned bluff.

Hannibal inclined his head and set his glass down, pushing it back from the edge of the heavy oak table, just in case.

"Yes." He said simply, tossing out the word like a lure and licking his lips and swallowing the desire to cross the room in three easy strides and take Will where he sat. But he has already played the hunter here - more than once. He is *curious* to see what he can drag out of Will Graham. What the young man will *allow* himself to become in this moment.

Will let wine linger between his lips and set the empty glass down. He turned the book over and dog eared the page, watching Hannibal's features for any remorse for the coveted pages he was endangering here.

"Tell me, *Hannibal* , what is my prognosis? What level of activity does my doctor think I can peek into for the day?" Will asked, crossing one leg over the other, at the knee, and folded his hands over them, chin tilted up toward the other man.

Hannibal's eyes only revealed a brief flicker of annoyance. He was aware that every word and every action was a means to goad him. His eyes traced along his long legs, across weather-worn hands and up towards his sleek throat.

After serious consideration he sighed and responded in a solemn tone, "Prognosis? Terrible. Utterly incurable. You may as well be confined to my bed until death claims you." A smile tugged at the corner of his lips as he leaned forward ever so slightly.

It was an art form Will had be particularly good at, his ability to get inside heads, to stand in shoes, made it easy to goad to someone's best and most honest desires. He relished in the look Hannibal gave him as his eyes roved his form, more than aware of his need to dominate him, but also the need to prod out the wolf in Will as well.

A game of wills, dominance, and wanton need.

"I must look terrible to you, then. So close to death. How can you stand to look at me?" Will asked, standing from his seat, clad in a white button up shirt rolled to the elbows, and a pair of slacks that hugged perfectly to him.

Hands deep in his pockets, he stared out the large glass door for a moment, letting Hannibal reflect on that, and then turned his head to give him a sidelong gaze.

Hannibal smiled warmly at that. The way his words teased, his posture and the turn of his neck exposed him like prey - Will was anything but. But he wanted to be *taken* , the air was thick with tension.

Standing with all the ease and grace of a predator Hannibal slowly crossed the room and stood just behind Will, not close enough to touch but enough that the heat of his body pushed in on him. He watched his face in the reflection of the glass. "Simply ghastly," he let his gaze drift down and back up again.

The wound was healed enough, the skin stretched and pink, the stitches out. There was no worry that they would pop again, not that Will was worried anyway. Hannibal seemed to

want to keep him, enough that he ordered blood for a transfusion. It was enough to make his heart flutter, just a little.

Will raised his brow back at Hannibal, and turned to face him, hands kept to himself, still in pockets, but his body language suggested anything but casual. Leaning in, he bit Hannibal's perfect bottom lip with just his teeth, scraping them along the supple flesh, and then snapped them closed again, their gazes dark and connecting.

"Horrible."

Hannibal let out a low growl as he did that, loving the feel of his flesh between Will's teeth.

No longer caring about what was right or proper, Hannibal leaned one hand against the glass beside Will's head. His other hand skimmed down the side of his neck, pausing over the pulse point there. Will's heart was racing no matter how relaxed his pose. He moved in and whispered against Will's jaw, "Positively sinful," letting his lips slide along the jaw line before pulling back.

The wall of his chest and spread of his thighs were crowding Will but still remained apart. He canted his head as his amusement started to slip into unadulterated want.

They'd been beating around this since their encounter in the bathroom - not enough of a thorough fuck to truly satisfy. Now they were playing games with each other, trying to see who would break first, who was snatch and growl, and claim their prize.

Will's eyes turned a startling grey almost, wolf-like in their color, cool and hunter like.

"What's a sin is how much blood will be shed between us before we actually get anywhere," Will said, as if it were a threat, that maybe he had something up his sleeve, but then again, maybe not.

Will slid a finger down Hannibal's chest, and slowly undid one button at a time until just a feathering of chest hair presented itself, and then stopped.

Everything that tumbled out of Will Graham's mouth was a threat that promised to undo Hannibal. God he wanted this man, but he wanted *all* of him. Not that just that which could be easily taken or, that which could offered up without a second thought. Hannibal wanted to skim his hands through his taught, caramel skin and scoop up his soul - bloody and brilliant.

And he wanted Will to seek same in return.

Still leaning over him, Hannibal looked down as Will started to unbutton his shirt. Turning

back to meet wolf-grey eyes with glowing crimson, "Such promises. Do you have a destination in mind, Will?" He rolled his muscle-strapped shoulders and let his shirt slide to the floor - the predators flanks were bared.

Closing the distance between them, he backed Will up against the glass with the wall of his chest. With his spare hand he cupped the back of his neck and kissed him *ever so* chastely.

"There are a great many places we could go, Doctor," he teased, his mouth against Hannibal's, his hand at his hip, stroking a thumb against the bone there, the dip and curve, almost so sharp it would cut through his skin.

"Of this world and out of it." Will was a believer in the bigger than him things, not necessarily God, but *something* , somewhere...

He tugged Hannibal's bottom lip into his mouth, sucking on it lavishly, slow and nipping. He wanted everything Hannibal had to offer, he'd go off cliffs and cross oceans if it meant seeing every bit of him, the best and worst. He was falling, he knew, into a place he'd never crawl out of again.

And that was okay.

"Trying to convert me so soon, Mr Graham?" Hannibal moaned as Will sucked on him like that but not quite returning the kiss, not yet.

Curling his hand into chocolate curls, he yanked Will's head back and spoke down into his mouth, "It's not always pretty on the other side of things." More a promise than a warning.

Looking down at Will leaned against the glass beneath him, "Take off your shirt," not a question.

Leaving his hand on Hannibal's hip, Will used the free one to undo the buttons of his lithe cotton shirt, all the way down, and then shrugged out of it, letting contact go for the mere second it took to shed it to the floor. It dropped to his feet, just by the glass door.

"Better? Even?" he asked, touching fingers to Hannibal's thicket of chest hair, fingers curling there, like he was memorizing the way it felt, the way Hannibal's eyes got darker with each touch, innocent as they might seem to be.

"Not in the slightest," bending down he licked across his scar and all the way back up to his throat. He kissed him firmly this time, full wide lips parting soft pink with a moan. His tongue slips over Will's for just a moment - a quick taste, before he withdraws again.

He watches as his own hand drifts down, tracing his collarbone, shoulder and thumbing around and over his nipple.

Without looking up, "Your pants." Hannibal wanted to see how far his command would carry with this young wolf.

Will returned the kiss with heated breath and wanton tongue, biting and nipping, and then letting the older man retreat, watching him go with freshly plump-kissed lips. His eyes were darker, lust blown now, an erection straining against his slacks, and he wasn't even going to try and hide it.

His chest heaves against Hannibal's hand, head canted in defiance. "You first."

Hannibal chuckled at the man's defiance and stepped away to take another sip of his wine. He looked over Will as he leaned against the glass there, half naked and heaving with desire.

"As you wish." Dark, heavy-hooded eyes locked, he undid his pants with one hand and let them slip revealing long, powerful dancers legs and silken shorts that only barely contained the strained girth.

He sauntered back over to Will and wrapped an arm around his waist, pulling him in tight. His eyes raked over his face, drinking in every feature, every flutter of his eyes and twitch of his lips. While Hannibal's eyes may be lust blown his expression remained cool.

Now that their hips were pressed tight together, "Now, your pants Mr Graham."

Will watched, a steeled expression on his face, emotionless save for the way his eyes danced over Hannibal, amused without even showing the slightest bit of knowledge that he was. His body defied himself, pleasingly hard, he undid his slacks and let them fall to his feet, and then gently kicked them away, brief to brief with the doctor now.

Will traced his hand over the curve of Hannibal's ass, and tugged him closer by the hip, and kissed very, very softly, a slow tease.

Hannibal let slip a groan as Will slid his hand down between them and undid his pants. And then another hungry growl as he was tugged in for a gentle kiss.

Both hands resting firm against the glass above Will's head, Hannibal dipped his head down for kiss - Will was still teasing and quickly fraying Hannibal's self control.

"So tender is the little wolf," Hannibal murmured against his lover’s lips. "So desperate to be chased?"

Will bit those lips, hips protruding forward and against Hannibal's, his hands sliding along his arms over him, feeling out muscle.

"Tender before the kill, but my bite is definitely worse than my bark," he whispered, nudging teeth against Hannibal's jaw, and then his neck, against his pulse.

Hannibal hissed and kissed with clashing teeth and hungry lips as Will bit him - but didn't move. He stayed braced against the glass, looming over Will as his hands and mouth roamed and explored. He closed his eyes, a low growl rumbling in his chest as Will bit down his neck. Hannibal exposed his throat further as his teeth hovered over his rapidly thumping jugular.

"A lot of pretty words pass those horrid lips of yours. A lot of promises and yet, only one of us has ever ended up in a pool of their own blood on the ground... twice."

"Do you want to be in a pool of your own blood?" he whispered, sinking teeth into Hannibal pulse, licking the spot until he could feel his pulse.

"I could arrange that, if you're so eager." The wolf had fangs, and then some, hidden up his sleeve, waiting.

Hannibal's hand flew down to snatch the back of Will's head there, holding him firm against his neck, "Then who would you fuck?" he snarled. His other hand slid down Will's side until he reached his abdomen. His fingers traced back and forth along the scar whilst his palm brushed his erect cock - still teasing

The boy whispered such sweet nothings.

Will bit hard enough to draw beads of blood to his lips, and sucked them off Hannibal's skin, keening into his touch, the wound healed but tender. His eyes slid back into his skull at the touch to his cock, all but avoided over the last near two weeks. His hands gripped tighter around Hannibal, clawing at his back with blunt nails.

Knife in his pants, he hadn't much to get to it, or he would have shown Hannibal the depths of bleeding out on himself. Another time perhaps, but right now he was wrapped up in the monster, feeding off his soul.

Hannibal let out a low feral sound as Will's teeth drew blood - the smell of copper, wine and Will's arousal - the perfect bouquet. As Will gripped harder he arched into him, crushing him against the glass and kissed with greater fervour - all clicking teeth and tangled tongues. His hand pushed down into his boxers, closing around his length.

Hannibal still had a hold of Will's head as they kissed. Tracking the young man's eye movements down to his pants where the knife was clearly outlined, "Something you're missing, Will?"

There was no way to even think straight at this point, let alone want to draw blood with a blade from the man stroking his cock. Will gasped, tongue teeth coated thin with blood, enough to set off his own wolfish senses, to rut into Hannibal's hand.

"My forgiveness," Will whispered, perhaps a bit too menacing as his blue shot dark, and nails dug into the skin on the other man's hip bone.

Will was exquisite in the way he trembled and sighed under his touch, fragile and wantonly feral all at once. Hannibal’s knee buckled under the weight of desire and banged hard against the glass between Will’s legs. He groaned as his hand slowly pumps the long, thick, curved shaft of Will’s cock – more than he would have imagined for a man of his size. His thumb skimmed over the swollen, velveteen head, pre-cum smearing down his fingers as the hot musk of him fills the air, “Will…”

Foreheads pressed together they share breath, “Is this make up sex? Or, simply keeping your enemies closer?” he teases while his own substantial girth thrusts and leaks against Will’s thigh. Neither will be able to walk tomorrow – knife or no.

He pulled Will down over him as he sinks back to the floor. Licking and biting at his sweet lips and down his neck. With one hand gripping his ass, Hannibal scrambled and slid out the knife, pressing it into Will’s hand. “You dropped your forgiveness, Will. You forgive how God forgives. Will you do it quickly? Or will you stop to gloat?” Hannibal could think of no better way to go, down here, between Will’s thighs.

Fervently caught up in emotions and feelings, Will all but forgot about the the words that slipped from his mouth, too concentrated on the way Hannibal's mouth felt against his own, the way his cock seeped against his thigh, the warmth of a hand on his ass, slicked skin to slicked skin, sweating and quivering with lust.

The cold weight of the knife in his hand brought him back to a dizzying reality, and blinked, gazing down at Hannibal as if he'd been drugged, confused for a moment, and then gripped the handle tight. One downward motion and the knife blade was a hair away from Hannibal

shoulder, now stuck into the floor there, as Will kissed him again, rough and hard, rocking his hips against Hannibal's, but fingers still tight around the knife.

Hannibal’s eyes were glistening with curiosity and lust as the knife plunged with a sudden crack into the floorboards beside him. At the blade skimmed his skin Hannibal’s hips arched up involuntarily, rocking hard against Will’s cock. The skin across his chest and down his arms prickled with delight while the swell of an orgasm bloomed hot in his core.

Breath and blood pumping faster he looked at the knife and back up at Will, just staring for a brief moment. His mouth parted, tongue slack and shoulders tense as he gripped Will’s rolling hips. “Magnificent…”

With sure, fluid movements Hannibal leaned over and kissed Will’s wrist where it gripped around the knife before being tugged back into a groaning, violent kiss, Will rutting down against him.

Hannibal moved his hands down to cup and spread Will’s ass, “Let go of the knife, Will, and I’ll stop.”

"What makes you think you'll have a choice?" Will asked, through needy, biting teeth and lips, sure he had no choice over his own actions as his body spurred him on, to not stop, to not *ruin* this for himself *again* .

Groaning through a gritted teeth, biting Lecter's bottom lip hard enough to taste copper, Will gripped the handle of his blade tighter; he didn't let go, he pulled it out instead, dragging the sharp blade down the path of Hannibal's collarbone, light enough not to puncture arteries, but hard enough to draw blood to the surface, crimson and perfect, beading sweetly over perfect skin.

Dipping his head, Will licked the path, and then the blade, eyes never leaving Hannibal's.

Hannibal would not let him ruin anything, not in this moment or ever. They were far from /ruined/ Hannibal would lavish him in blood and passion. Tend to every part of his glorious body that seems to sing under his touch - a quiver there, a squirm here. Beautiful.

"My dark boy, I never had any choice when it came to you." he leaned up and kissed the crook of his neck, grazing his sharp teeth and wet tongue along his jaw - more tender than violent.

Hannibal winced and growled as he was bit, copper and salt filling his mouth on the back of Will's tongue. This carnal melody spurred him on to rut harder and pull Will's ass up higher so he could slide his fingers down over the cleft, skimming his tight hole.

But all movement stopped as the blade dragged across his chest - muscles and breath frozen alike. Hannibal's expression didn't change except for a slight tension around his blood-dark eyes - but his heart thumped excitedly in his chest, aching to be split in two, either by metal or love... or both. But the moment Will dipped his eager young head down to lick the blood and then the knife, Hannibal sank back "Dear god..." his legs quaking with desire.

In one quick move he had Will on his back, thighs spread, and one hand gripped hard around Will's small wrist where he held the knife.

Grinding his hips into Hannibal's deft fingers, Will let go of a low groan, something akin to a growl in his chest, carnal in his pleasure as he tasted blood, licked it from the knife, and wanted nothing more than be fucked right then and there.

Ready to take Hannibal into himself, Will was rolled, and pinned, breath knocked from his lungs long enough to make his gasp heave his chest twice, eyes wide and dark with anticipation.

Will licked blood from his lips, grip tight even still on the knife.

Hannibal watched Will growl and lick the blood from his lips - finally, a darkness to meet his own. He wanted to worship at the feet of Will Graham – show him just how beautifully unique he was. He wanted to take the knife and split him in two, peel back every precious layer, pull out the darkness and mold it to perfection.

Letting go of Will’s wrist he slid down his trembling body, licking and biting. He pushed his thighs to the side and up as he buried himself between his legs. The broad bones of his shoulders positioned and pinned Will perfectly so Hannibal could tend to him, “Before I fuck you and claim you as my own, I plan to send you utterly mad.” He circled his hot, slick tongue around his hole before thrusting it in time and again, the strength and precision of it teasing at Will’s nerves.

Feeling all of Hannibal emotions right then, Will could almost mimic the feeling of pulling layers of skin back on the other man, like they were doing it in a mirror, two sides, one coin, same motions, ever turning.

Wrist let go of, Will intended to bury the thing deep in Hannibal's shoulder, just between bone, never near anything that would kill him, but just to watch him bleed, and bath Will in it. The thought make him shake, but Hannibal's actions make him *quiver* .

"Shit-" he gasped, knees to his chest, fingers flinching over the handle of the blade, sliding between needs and wants, and never able to pick the side he wanted.

Hannibal was *too* good at that.

Lust coiled in his lower back, bursting up his spine in waves that dared to push him over the cliff.

Pushing his tongue as far in as it would go he licked and flicked and drove into him with hungry adoration. Will tasted exquisite and wriggled down against Hannibal's lips *perfectly* . So much so, Hannibal struggled for breath.

After a suitable time of worship, Hannibal reluctantly pulled back. His gaze was hooded with lust and his face and neck were flushed pink. His sandy grey hair was disheveled and stuck to his forehead with sweat. Ducking his head down again he licked his wide tongue all the way from Will's hole to the tip of his twitching cock - the salty, masculine musk of him still hot on his lips. Reaching up, he slapped Will's ass hard enough to bruise. He then kissed back down his dick, gently biting the base. "Indecision may just be the death of you, little wolf."

With his tongue just there he wet one and then two fingers, sliding them deep inside Will's soaking hole. He started to gently stroke the bundle of nerves – almost tickling. Crawling up over him with feline grace Hannibal kept dark eyes locked on Will's as he let his cock dance around his cruel lips and sharp teeth.

Hannibal closed his eyes and sighed as he slowly lowered his neck taking in Will's full length, half choking on its significant girth, whilst at the same time, bearing the full breadth of his shoulders.

Every single lick, every flick of tongue, and suck of lips sent Will reeling into a frenzy he wasn't sure he'd make it out of without exploding and letting go early. It wasn't as though they'd been fooling around for two weeks, things had been timid at best, with gratuitous eye fucking.

It all boiled down to this, and Will wasn't sure he could actually control it. His fist curled around the blade, and uncurled again when Hannibal *spanked* him. His eyes glared down between his thighs at the man, but his mind was made up *for* him when a burst of pleasure

overtook him, fingers digging inside of him, making him writhe against wood floors and rugs. Madness was putting it all so lightly.

"Fuck," Will gasped, sure he wasn't going to hold it any longer, free hand going to tug on length of sandy gray hair, slick with sweat between his rough fingers and palm. The heated coil burned through his thighs now, daring.

"Hannibal-"

This is how Hannibal wanted Will, writhing in madness, begging with his name on his lip, *rude* on the floor beneath him. He wanted Will lost to a frenzy of lust, unsure whether to kill him or, fuck him or, both.

Hannibal also just wanted to stay down here with his wide, wet lips sucking hard up and down on Will's cock, tasting him, honoring him, letting him know how utterly *adored* every hard inch of him was. But more than anything, Hannibal wanted to make Will *his* .

Although aching with need, Hannibal managed to pull back, albeit with Herculean effort. He moved up and leaned over Will's shivering body. He placed his hands either side of his head as he stared down at him, opening himself up – *letting* Will see both the monster within and his glistening black heart that beat with only one name. Tilting his head he dipped down and kissed him tenderly – not bites or tongues, while gently prizing the knife from his hand.

Coming back up he pushed his thighs forward and pressed his cock up against his hole– letting him feel how big it was and how much it was going to hurt regardless.

He held Will's neck with one hand, "Stay still," he ordered, sincerely hoping he wouldn't. Consummation was always much sweeter for the struggle – and Will fought beautifully.

He then poised the knife ready to scar Will's perfect, sleek chest in the same way he had just scarred his.

Cock ready to enter and knife pushed into flesh, Hannibal was ready to finally *claim* what had been his from the start.

"Tell me yes, Will."

The knife was pried from his fingers as a kiss was gently returned, sweet and unlike the violence Will knew, and his limbs went slack for it, almost treasuring what he knew was not going to last. He let go, and the second he let go, he was right back to being consumed, not with physicality, but with words alone.

Staying still was not what a wolf did, little or not, he would not be told what to do. Will canted his hips up, and put his hand on Hannibal's arm, pushing down and pressed the knife into his skin, beads of blood forming there, daring Hannibal to do his worse, or his best, as the case may be.

"Yes," Will said, without hindrance, without caution, but with lust, and he trapped Hannibal's hips with his legs and feet, pulling him into his body with a gasp.

Hannibal treasured the sweetness with which Will dissolved under his kiss and resolved to return to that place of tenderness but for now...

A broad, sharp toothed smile crossed his face as Will fought beneath him, vying for control as he shoved the knife into his own chest. Bright red blood ran in a fine line up his neck as he arched and rolled. But just as Hannibal was ready to rip and slash and finally claim Will as his own, Will yanked him forward with the full force of his legs, pulling his cock deep up inside him with one, wicked thrust.

Under the weight of all that was dark and passionate Hannibal’s arms gave out as he crashed down on to Will. The wind was knocked out of him, his eyes rolled back seeing white as his jaw sagged with the pleasure of it all.

He dropped the knife and any chance of claiming Will as *his;* The moment gone… lost somewhere over the bluff and into the night.

The coiled tension was starting to come undone, giving them both what they wanted, and yet not nearly as satisfying, but Will was no fool to know that *that* particular feeling was not coming from *him* , it was coming from the man over him, seemingly in control, and yet without as Will has made the moment his own.

He should, perhaps, feel bad about it, but can only grasp Hannibal's face with his hands, and press sloppy, wet, biting kissing into his mouth as he goads him on to fuck him harder, to let go of his wills and release into him, on him, whatever it is that Hannibal Lecter wanted to do.

Will manages to lose himself, breathing against Hannibal's mouth, his cheek, neck, anything he reach at this point, hips meeting and grinding, bucking and rutting desperately, he sent over the edge, and his eyes squeeze shut as he tenses, coming all at once, trembling through his limbs.

Hannibal paces his breath and slows his heart as he fucked down into him hard and fast, grinding his full length and assaulting his hole, giving Will everything he wanted and nothing Hannibal did. Another empty fuck that he would be done with later. His mind wandered, maybe a roast or a ragout.

He was proud Will had taken control and made the moment his own but he had offered him a rare gift – and he didn't want it.

Hannibal returned to kissing and licking and biting, devouring with equal passion these final moments of Will Graham beneath him. But the heat just didn't rise. A hard fucking – as simple and un-poetic at that.

He watched as the boy writhed and contorted to completion beneath him before he rose to standing to scoop up his trousers and go and shower.

Empathetic as Will was, he was oblivious to these sorts of notions, but not so much when someone did not get *off* with him.

He licked his teeth, staying where he was long after Hannibal left to clean up, and then finally, after feeling the lower dredges of self loathing he could possibly have, he rolled to his side, and picked up his own clothes.

The house was big enough, bedrooms on opposite sides, with bathrooms attached, so Will took his pick from those, giving the vet his space.

He wished he still had his dogs, the ones left behind in Wolf Trap before he'd been run out. Something of comfort and peace, something that wouldn’t look at him the way Hannibal had, with all the pride and disappointment all at once. A dog knew only love when loved back.

And, who was he kidding, this was *not* love. Hannibal would kill him sooner or later, a matter of time before he found Will to be a dull play thing after all, no longer the bright and shiny he had been breaking into his vet office.

He packed his knife away, slipping it closed, and did the same as Hannibal, and went to clean up.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

a) RP based.
b) not beta'd. All mistakes are our own. :)

Hannibal pulled on a crimson, cashmere sweater to compliment his soft cotton, striped pajamas. He combed his hair as he checked over his reflection in the mirror. He sighed, sucking and rolling his tongue as he considered the dark eyes staring back at him.

Hannibal was rarely mistaken. He thought he had seen himself in Will, enough to reveal who and what he was – to step out from the person suit he veiled himself in. Will himself was a rare enough creature built of pure empathy and violence wrapped in the skin of an angel. A creature who had surprised him more than he could have possibly anticipated. Betrayed and harmed him, more than he could have possibly anticipated.

Upon seeing who and what Hannibal was, Will had rejected an offer to be part of his world and in return embrace his own, true nature. He took the raw fucking and tossed the knife aside and with it, any possibility of claiming. He seemed hungry only for the carnal and nothing of the spiritual.

Hannibal rubbed his chest where he would slowly scar over the coming weeks. While Will would stay naked and unclaimed, save for the bullet wound he had sustained from some faceless *stranger* .

Hannibal cleaned, polished and set up the shining silver, Italian coffee maker for two, just in case. Bending at the hip he turned on the stove, blue flames flicking up around the charred, black base of the pot. Hannibal watched the flames to settle before moving to stand by the window, looking out over the bluff as he waited for it to steam. There was a storm rolling in. The sky was weighed down with the heavy softness of thick, burly clouds that grew darker by the second. The weight of the sky matched that burden in his chest. Normally murder would put a spring in his step, but this was not a kill he was looking forward to.

The world had been infinitely more interesting with Will Graham in it. Hannibal was not prone to regret but it would surely be a shame to see Will Graham dead. He would be sure to honor every part of him that way, Will would be a part of him forever, one way or another.

Hannibal held his hands behind his back and ran his thumb over his palm as cool air radiated off the glass. He had once been told betrayal and forgiveness were akin to falling in love. He supposed that this is what this must be. But that didn’t change the ending here: love was no

protection. Unlike Will, he was sure neither of them would survive this separation, no matter which end of the knife they were on.

Will dressed in a nice cable, thick, knit sweater, and flannel pajama bottoms, something warm as it seemed the weather was turning south, the air was definitely cooler now.

Hannibal's mood appeared to be rolling in with the darkening clouds, and Will could feel it thick like a fog as he walked down the hall. His bare feet slapped against the floor, he had no reason to hide his comings or goings. He knew that he'd done something to offend, and his life was sitting in the balance. There was very little he had left, and if Hannibal wanted to take the last shreds of what he had, then so be it.

Well worth the two weeks of fond memories and friendship - kinship even- that they had garnered with one another.

No words were said. Will walked passed the kitchen with a damp towel, and moved to clean up the wood of their mess by the door.

Hannibal tilted his head back and closed his eyes, inhaling sharply. He could smell Will long before he entered the room – a soft, masculine, fresh scent. Something that reminded him of the mist rising as the ocean crashed against eroding bluffs.

He turned and looked down at where Will worked on his knees. He gently touched his shoulder, "Will," he tilted his head up with an extended index finger, "not on your knees."

Will glanced up, hands busy with the towel. He had finished cleaning up but looking to keep something in them, as so he would not lash out, would not be the rude, unfiltered person he knew he could be.

The touch to his chin was too much, the words only burned into his skin like hot pokers.

"Is this not where you wanted me? At your will?"

Hannibal's eyes glistened with a brief sadness and his mouth opened to speak but no words came – obviously wounded.

The coffee maker screamed in the background.

He moved to silence it and pour two cups. “Is that what you saw when I opened myself to you?” He kept his hands and eyes busy with the task at hand.

"It is what I felt when you left me there," Will said as he shifted up to his feet. Wet towel in hand slowly dripping at his feet, he stood facing Hannibal, gazing at him, wanting answers to things he might not understand.

"You opened yourself, and I thought I gave what you wanted, someone who could equal you..."

"You are equal." Will had taken what he wanted.

Hannibal moved around to take the towel, gently brushing down Will's hand there. He paused and looked down over their fingers *almost* entwined together before moving back to the kitchen.

"But not *my* equal." He passed him a coffee - black with one. He took a sip of his own whilst rubbing his chest. "I gave you a rare gift. You didn't want it."

Will's heart sank.

Rejection. Abandonment.

His jaw flexed as he set the coffee down and inclined his head.

"Didn't I?" He tapped the counter once, it felt like he was being gutted, the ghost of a knife against his stomach. He tapped the counter again, and then walked away.

Will let the question hang but his actions spoke louder than words. Hannibal wouldn't chase him down and try and impress his love upon him. If, after the last two weeks, Will wanted to walk away after taking his fill, so be it.

Of course, he couldn’t simply just let him go. He had simply *seen* too much.

Will’s coffee sat cold on the counter as the crackle of ozone filled the air. A single hot tear ran silently down his cheek.

Hannibal had put chicory in the coffee this morning, hoping it might remind Will of home, New Orleans. A small comfort. A gesture of peace.

Will had not gone far. A walk around the grounds, barefoot, as the rain started, he came back in. He needed to clear his head. Only ten minutes passed, reasonably, and he was standing in the archway of the kitchen to the livingroom, watching Hannibal, dirty feet leaving footprints he cared nothing about behind him.

"I can put myself in your shoes, but you take great care to keep me from the very depth of who you are. Even when bearing your soul, you guard your heart. I guard mine just the same, gave you what I could; I need equality and friendship -- trust -- before I let you take your fill. This is my protection, my design, Hannibal."

Hannibal didn't turn at first. "Your design," he mused. Will talked of guarding his own heart but with blade in hand had laid claim over Hannibal's all the same. Hannibal had given up his all that night, and would do the same again - flanks, soul, and heart.

He finally turned, a frown deepening his brow as he saw the trail of dirt but he chose to ignore the mess on his floor. His coffee was still cold in hand as he let Will see the tears dried there.

"What a cunning boy you are," his words heavy with a mix of pride, betrayal and loss.

"And yet still not enough," Will sighed, musing the thoughts around his brain, his chest ached for some resolution here, but he was willing to bare all, take his lashings.

He took the cold coffee on the counter and sipped it, no flinching, no grimace.

"You want to fillet me like a fish, but you put chicory in the coffee, as a love note."

Hannibal set his coffee down and placed his hands in his pockets as he looked at Will, his expression wan; claret eyes dull and a slight downward pout but otherwise, unmoved.

"Yes," was his only answer.

Will had seen inside his mind, the contradiction should not surprise him. And he had only acted on *one* of those desires.

Hannibal *ached* as he looked upon Will; his long, lean muscular frame - slightly hunched. Dark curls and even darker gaze framing brilliant, innocent blue eyes that hid a stunning mind and could command violent storms. His taught caramel skin shadowed by dark stubble and a thousand accentuating shadows that shifted with his rage and nerves. How could *anyone* resist the desire to consume and *claim* him whole?

But the ache was more than real this morning. Hannibal didn't show it but his chest stung and bled a little through his sweater. Will had left Hannibal with a single reminder of mortality across his chest last night - severe and timeless. He should feel claimed but instead he just felt... wounded.

He had wanted to claim Will just the same and bleed heart to heart - elevate their union. Elegance was more important than suffering. That was *his* design. It would have been their *becoming* .

Will would have lived under the weight of a murderous, consuming passion and woken to love letters on his plate and by his bed every morn - small, delicately crafted tableaux of devotion.

"Shall I make you another cup? Surely that one is cold by now." Hannibal turned to prepare another cup.

Will watched the killer as he watched *Will* . Murder and lust in his eyes, but nothing was better than the devoted look of love he could see there, though ever fading because of Will's transgressions. Caging an animal was simultaneously trying to set it free had its perks and had its downfalls, after all. Will would not be caged and he would not run free without his pack, without his mate.

Not now that he had finally found him.

Looking past the differences, seeing the good over the bad, Will could not foresee a future that went past this moment.

He sipped the cold cup until it was gone, and gave his head one slight shake.

"No."

He set it down and strode to Hannibal's side, watching with one hip leaned against the counter, facing him. What would come to pass would either be their uniting or their ultimate undoing, and Will felt ready for either.

But he'd been wrong before.

“History repeats itself and there is no escape. All our endings can be found in our beginnings.” They had been here before, face to face in Hannibal’s kitchen - touching, achingly intimate, hovering on the precipice together mere seconds before the carnage began.

Hannibal tucked a curl behind Will’s ear. “I let you know me, see me.” He gently gripped the back of Will’s head and motioned for him to pass him the knife that was tucked in his pants.

To take flight and run was a real emotion, a real *need* , but Will didn't back down, not from the man he'd grown very fond of, close to, and possibly even had fallen in love with. He'd never know himself better than when he was with Hannibal, and to live without wouldn't be much of living at all.

Will pulled the knife from his pocket, folded up neatly, and handed it to Hannibal, his eyes already rimmed red with hurt, anticipating.

Still cupping his head and now holding the knife he pulled him closer, looking down into his brilliant blue eyes now framed blood-red, "Take off your sweater."

Will pulled the chunky knit sweater off and over his head, bare underneath, but warm skinned as his he held Hannibal's gaze, something he was sure many would never do.

Something he never thought *he'd* do.

Hannibal let go for a moment, and tugged off his own sweater, folding it and laying it on the counter.

Soft storm light washed over both of them, blurring after images into their memories.

Turning back to Will, he cupped his head again, pulling him close and tilting him up to look at him. He flicked open the knife, "See," and slashed a crimson red line deep across his chest. Not enough to kill but enough to scar and leave Will *feeling* like he was dying.

Holding him as he shook and bled, Hannibal used the blunt edge of the knife and dragged it across the same scar Will had carved into him the night before.

Pulling Will to his chest they bled, heart to heart.

No, Will was not dying, but it felt like nerves had been severed, and his skin was on fire. He gripped Hannibal by the triceps, holding, tugging, gripping him closer as he bled out, not gushing, but enough stain the ground below them, at their bare feet.

Will blinked up at Hannibal as their lines blurred, their bodies faded, and their souls crushed together.

He saw. Hannibal wanted to to stake a claim, to scar him, to leave him sweet love letters across his body, lest he be forgotten.

"See," Will gasped out through the pain.

Will all but hung from his arms as he shuddered and bled out across their skin, clothes and even the floor. “This is all I ever wanted for you, Will. For both of us.”

He pulled him tight to his chest, almost cradling him there. *His* Will. He wrapped his arms tight around his shoulders and kissed him – full and passionate but nothing desperate. Now they were one, they had a forever to explore *this* . His broad hands slowly moved down Will’s back to pull the full lengths of their bodies together. He could feel the slight, warm pumping of Will’s blood against his chest.

But as Hannibal listened to the rolling storm and rustling leaves outside, he knew it was all too late.

In one quick move he quickly turned and ducked as glass shattered. He covered Will with the span of his back as the bullet lodged deep in his side. They toppled like giants into a pit of blood.

Hannibal knew the Dragon had been watching, just not that he would strike so soon.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> Not Beta'd, all mistakes are our own.
> This is written in RP style, we've tried to fix as much as possible to flow smoothly, but keep in mind perspective changes. Thanks! Enjoy!

The Dragon- as he liked to call himself- a kingpin of sorts in the criminal world, was not a man who liked to be trifled with. He was known for his instability and garish looks due to a deformity that wasn't even noticeable to most.

Will had the unfortunate pleasure of meeting the man a few times, to do business, and one business deal gone awry and he, and the business gone wrong, had sent men after Will.

That had been a few weeks ago now, and he shouldn't have been surprised.

Held and coddled one second, and the breath knocked out of him the next, Will lay under Hannibal, who was bleeding out, a bullet wound. Will put his hand over it, coming to his senses all at once, but everything blurred quickly as Hannibal was pulled from him and thrown aside, and Will was tugged to his feet and lifted by his neck, a rough stranger’s hands around his throat.

A sharp, throbbing pain started in his face as the blade Hannibal had used on him slid into Will's cheek. After the side of his face was fully severed he was dragged and thrown through the back door, glass shattering and snaring in his skin - ripping like fire.

"You shouldn't have gotten involved, Doctor Lecter," The Dragon growled, leaning over the vet who was quickly bleeding out all over the creme colored floors.

Hannibal lay on the floor, shaky hands covering his wound, hissing for breath as Will was dragged from him. Watching the Dragon wrap his hands around *his* Will’s neck and drag a knife through his cheek caused Hannibal to wince in pain for the beauty shattered. He growled protectively and menacingly not knowing if Will was alive or dead as he was tossed aside the sound of splintering glass echoing all around.

“As in dying, you with meld with the strength of the Dragon.” The man slurred his words down at Hannibal as he leaned in for the kill.

“It is a glorious but rather discomforting idea.” There was only one Hannibal wished to meld with and the Dragon had *rudely* interrupted the process. He would be punished accordingly. Together, he and Will would slay this *dragon* and in sharing the kill would become one. The thrill of the hunt pumped quick and hot through his veins.

Pushing to his feet, forgetting any sense of pain or death, Hannibal charged the Dragon. Although Hannibal was far from a small man, the Dragon was a giant. Hannibal kicked the man back, spinning him around and launched himself on to the Dragon's back, pouncing like a jungle cat ready to rip out his jugular with his bare hands. But wounded as he was, the Dragon simply stumbled out through the broken window, chasing down Will and tossing Hannibal aside. He smashed into a nearby boulder, the crack of bones audible across the small courtyard.

Will had gotten to his hands and feet, shaking, and tugging the bloody blade from his cheek, gushing blood onto the ground, spilling black onto the stones. He turned to see The Dragon coming after him and Hannibal crashing into a boulder, limp like a rag doll.

Hunched, Will took the Dragon's weight and then stabbed his the thigh, causing him to stumbled back, only a few paces. Ripping the knife out of his thigh, the Dragon sunk it into Will's bare shoulder.

Hannibal struggled for breath as his body shook from pain. He looked on as Will and the Dragon battled. It was beautiful. It was horrific. The way blood spilled like a fountain all around them. But Will was clearly alive and fighting. That was all that mattered.

But Hannibal wasn't one to stay down. Pushing up again, shoulders tensed and rolled forward, he was in full predator mode. He would have been smiling at the artistry of it all if he hadn't been panting so hard. But he was still graceful and even in his paces as he circled the scene, flexing his hands, readying himself for the pounce. For one brief, perfect moment he locked eyes with Will.

They knew.

He snarled as he snatched up a nearby tomahawk and charged the Dragon, wrapping himself around his shoulders. A ruse. He was prepared this time. When he was tossed down he slashed at the Dragon's legs and arms as he fell - thick, red blood gushing over him. But it wasn't enough. The Dragon laid into him with punches and kicks that landed like thunder before picking him up by the neck and proceeding to choke him out. He looked for Will - his was the last face he wanted to see before darkness claimed him one final time.

The Dragon was pulled off Will, the giant man's rage and fury momentarily refocused on Hannibal, and for that split second, where fists and legs and blood were blurs in Will's eyes, he sought out only Hannibal. Once their gazes locked, he pulled the knife from his shoulder and charged the Dragon.

The knife never connected with flesh or bone, instead it dropped to stone pavement, clanking on the ground as Will was grasped by the throat yet again and hauled over to the edge of the cliff, his hands grasping The Dragon's, trying to pry them from his throat. His mouth opened and closed with silent screams as he strived for air.

It was useless, and his legs dangled, skating over the edge, bare toes barely touching. Whether he was choked to death first, or thrown, Will knew his moment was up, but wouldn't go down without giving everything he had left, even as the blood dripped from his body.

Hannibal was given a moments reprieve as the Dragon turned on *his* Will. Seeing the knife drop there all he could do was snatch it up and throw. With all the power of Hannibal's hate and might behind it, the blade split through flesh and bone to lodge squarely in the Dragon's heart killing him where he stood – all before he could see where Will dangled over the cliff. As one fell, so did the other – Dragon and Will alike disappeared over the cliff.

Without a second's hesitation Hannibal ran and threw himself off the cliff with enough force to evade the rocks below but the icy surf still hit him like a stonewall. For a moment all his limbs froze in shock and his lungs stopped – suspended in swirling and airless in midnight blue.

Blinking hard against the sting of salt he followed the scent of blood through the water, just as a shark would. Even under water Hannibal could track the scent of Will's blood - his lover's life-force just that familiar. As the waves crashed down on him he used his long, powerful legs to swim down through the currents and snatch Will's arms, hauling him away from the rocks and towards the surf where they would be tossed back up like soggy sacks of meat.

The fall itself had taken Will out. The Dragon died before he hit, and his body was dragged out to sea.

Cold salty water rushed into his lungs, and it was all he could do stay awake, but the water took him anyway.

The currents brought them to shore, as thin as it was, and Will lay out motionless, bruised, bleeding, and not breathing.

Hannibal was bleeding out, weak but conscious. Some bones were broken somewhere and he was bruised all over but the cold water had all but numbed him.

"Will…" he slapped his face and pressed his head to his chest. He wasn't breathing. His shoulder was bleeding out too.

Ignoring the blood running down his side and the searing pain he leaned over Will and started CPR in a steady even rhythm, forcing air down into his lungs. Blood and water gushed up through the hole in Will's cheek but Hannibal didn't have time to worry about that now.

He still wasn't breathing. "Will… come… back…" Hannibal's words punctuated by the press of his hands on Will's ribs. He kept going although his vision was clouding and his strength was fading.

As he leaned down to breathe air in again Will coughed up a lungful of salt water into Hannibal's mouth. Spitting the water out, Hannibal rolled Will to the side, gently holding him there, letting him cough it out. A wave of relief washed through his system, his body finally collapsing as he leaned his head down against wet, black, curls. "Will…" he breathed out the exhausted tone of his words laced with relief.

Hannibal only pauses there for a second before turning and ripping his own wet pants into strips. He quickly wraps them around Will's shoulder to stop the bleeding. It was wet and

unhygienic but it would keep him alive until he could dress it properly.

Hannibal craned his neck and looked up at the cliff, panting hard, hands pressed to knees to support his weight. The biting cold of night was leading him to shiver. A very real threat of hypothermia hovered if they didn't move soon.

Many moments lost to near death, Will felt blank, a nothingness and then everything came rushing up at him at once, and he sputtered salt water from his mouth, and rolled, coughing and hacking. Hannibal could be felt behind him, and a fading glimpse of a man right now as Will sought to *feel* him out, and there wasn't much there to go on.

"Hannibal..." he groaned, every part of him cold and achy, sure that the worst of it wasn't over quite yet.

Will blinked his sea blue gaze up where Hannibal looked, and tried to get to his feet, his legs weren't hurt, his hit back first, it seemed. He moved over, and offered Hannibal his good shoulder to lean, as his cheek oozed.

Hannibal let himself sink back for a moment, lips curving up into a faint smile at the sound of his name and the taste of blood and salt on his lips. Bloodstained and alive, Will looked *perfect.*

He reached up and took Will's hand but was careful not to put too much weight on it. He staggered to his feet and went to lean on Will's shoulder but with all the blood loss and broken bones ended up collapsing there, only just able to stay upright. "House…" was the only word he was able to pant out over chapped lips. All his medical supplies were there and if it meant keeping Will alive, he was sure he could walk if he had to.

That fall seemed very, very steep now, and they were expected to make it all the way up, in one piece, without fail, without passing out and dying on the stairs back up.

God, Will hoped there were stairs.

Will wrapped his good arm around Hannibal, shoulder over his own, and hoisted him, ignoring the pain, ignoring the need to collapse, he could do that *later* .

"Up then."

Hannibal smiled through his panting, "You really need to start choosing your friends more wisely."

Will was stronger than he looked, even when injured. Hannibal was able to lean heavily on him as they found the small, crumbling path of stairs and made their way up leaving a trail of blood and water behind them.

They tripped and fell in equal turns, the other always there to help the other up until they reached the house and all but fell in the door.

Hannibal was just about crawling on his knees as he reached the medical cabinet and leaned hard up against it, "I am going to have to ask you to return the favor, dear Will." motioning to

his bullet wound. After grabbing what he needed, including a hefty dose of morphine for them both, he stumbled to his feet again he snatched up his phone and headed for the bathroom, motioning for Will to follow.

Will followed, he didn't ask questions, he didn't snap back and honestly he was too tired to try. He leaned against the counter, one armed for the most part, but he'd do what he could to get the bullet out of *his* Hannibal.

"Tell me what I need to do."

Hannibal sat on the floor, slumped with his head to the side. Pain thumped through him like a thousand tiny bombs - but in his usual stoic fashion, his expression remained neutral if not a little wan. The only clue to his gut-wrenching pain was his unsteady breath and obvious blood flow.

With the steady hands of a trained surgeon he swabbed and cleaned up the bullet wound as best he could. Pressing the gauze tightly against his side and strapping it there he was able to stop the bleeding - for now. He would need to take care of Will to ensure he had a steady hand when removing the bullet later.

Hannibal sent a text to Chiyoh with an order for medical supplies. He then invited for Will to sit beside him.

Bloody and wounded on the bathroom floor. It was if they were living life on repeat. Hopefully this time, what was shattered was coming back together as opposed to breaking apart.

He injected himself with a decent dose of morphine and offered Will the same.

He looked over Will’s facial wounds as the needle went in, sand, blood and spit all hanging in the open gash "I will do my best..." but it was clear by his doleful tone that the Dragon had left his mark.

"You trust me on this to tend to you?" Will said, though took the offered dose, he'd never be able to stay complacent without it.

He checked Hannibal over, though the bullet was all he suffered for the most part, he knew there were a few bones that had broken, as much was clear by the way he hadn't been able to stand for long on one leg. A sprain perhaps.

"I am an excellent instructor." Hannibal offered the hint of a smile crinkling around his eyes, but his expression quickly fell into a grimace.

He motioned for Will to run some hot water and get some cloths and towels. Although slower than usual, he was able to wash down Will's shoulder and disinfect it before stitching it up. "Rudimentary but it will stop the bleeding." The moment he ensured Will was stitched up and safe his strength dropped, sweat dripping from his brow as his hands shook and his skin turned grey. Remaining consciousness was clearly a battle: human will versus nature.

"Chiyoh will be here soon. I need to stay away to hook up the IVs for us. Can you please get me some water, Will?" He leaned heavily against the wall, head rolling and Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. He still needed to stitch up Will's face. Blood was oozing and bubbling down his cheek and neck. It would prove to be a massive risk of infection if not treated, the human mouth a perilous source of germs.

But even now, as he looked on Will from the floor it was with nothing but adoration. No amount of scarring or bruising and certainly not blood, could take away from the perfect vision he had of Will.

Will did as he was told, though he was fighting every urge to topple, he knew he had to stay conscious for Hannibal. He poured a cup of water from one of the bathroom cups, and held it to Hannibal's lips.

"Who /is/ Chiyoh?"

Although Hannibal trusted Will with his life there were some things is was simply safer for him not to know, "A well trained sniper, for one."

"Thank you." He drank down the water and motioned for Will to sit beside him. "At least let me try and stop the bleeding," gently brushing Will's face.

Summoning up what strength he had left he inspected the site, "I can offer you a local anesthetic to help with the pain." He reached for his bag and started to prepare a needle, flicking out the air bubbles. He swabbed near the cut and waited for Will to be ready. The wound was angry and jagged. The flesh was raw and bleeding - the picture of pure pain. Marvelous in it’s way. sinful in another. "My dear boy..." he murmured.

"Just do it," Will said, sitting with Hannibal, he asked nothing else for now, he had no intention of prying. He could get answers from this Chiyoh person when they got there.

"Longer we wait, the longer until I can /help/ you." Will huffed out.

Will would not see Hannibal die from this, not now, not ever.

Hannibal could only work on every outward breath. Each time he drew breath in it seemed he was shaking more.

Once the site was numb he was able to clean, stitch and dress Will's face. Will offered little protest, he was as stubborn and stoic as Hannibal in that way. Hannibal let slip a small sigh as the last of the gauze was set in place. It was a sin to cover such beauty - Will's face and the wound combined, but they couldn't risk infection.

Hannibal rubbed his brow, trying to clear his thoughts. His mind was slipping. Hannibal quickly gave them both a hefty dose of antibiotics before setting out the instruments Will would need to get the bullet out, stitch and dress him.

With one hand now permanently clutching his side, Hannibal laid out a thick bed of towels and dragged himself on to them knowing he would simply have to throw them out once they

were through. Even as he laid there, the pale cotton started to stain pink and then black.

Tilting his head down, Hannibal held his breath as he peeled back the dressing to reveal the wound. The bullet had /exited/ through his abdomen so the wound was distinctly messier than Will's had been on first glance.

He looked up at Will to gauge his ability to deal with the carnage and the fact he was going to have to dig through it with a delicate hand.

"Exit wound," Will sighed, looking it over now that he was less likely to keel over, though he didn't feel exactly sure he could do this, he knew it was him or not one at all.

Hannibal nodded and steeled himself, lying back and focusing his mind elsewhere, deep inside the rooms of his memory palace to avoid flinching with pain until Will needed him again.

He pulled out long medical grade tweezers from Hannibal's things, bent over him, and started to slowly push skin and muscle aside to find what he needed to find, piece by piece, lodged shrapnel.

It took some time, and lot of blotting away at blood, and cleaning the wound, but some time later, he finished. He rinsed the wound with bactine and stitched it closed, and covered it.

It was more force of will and trust than painkillers that allowed Hannibal to stay still as Will worked. There was also a certain delight at seeing Will dig and push through his own, bleeding flesh.That didn't stop the odd hiss or Lithuanian expletive slipping through his guard. He was sure a rib was broken, maybe two and certainly a sprained knee and wrist on the side where he hit the water. But nothing that needed immediate attention.

He guided Will with firm instructions and a gentle hand, taking over now and again. It was a rough job but a precious scar. With towels cushioning his head, he tilted his head forward and up, eyes warm and a smile dancing on his lips as he watched Will stitch and dress. He was quite the handyman.

The room stank of chemicals, carnage and salt water. They were both sweating, panting and lying in a swathe of near-black to pale-pink bloody towels when Chiyoh arrived silently in the doorway. Hannibal looked over and saw a hefty supply of medical supplies. She was sure to have brought food enough to stock them for a week or so. She would also stand as silent guard, for a time.

With the Dragon's men knowing where they were they really should be on the move but neither Will or, least of all himself, were capable of that right now.

"Atta girl." Hannibal grinned up at Chiyoh as she helped them back to Hannibal's room.

He was perilously close to both throwing up and passing out as he finally got both himself and Will hooked up to the fluids and blood they needed.

Chiyoh brought them both Kuradashi Gyokuro tea to aid their burning throats after their near drowning.

Sinking back against the wondrously soft, Egyptian cotton pillows Hannibal looked over at Will and reached for his hand. He looked down at Will's rugged hands as he ran the pad of his own thumb across the tip of his rough fingers - a simple gesture.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

1) No beta, faults are our own
2) RP style, though we do try to correct the flow. Apologies in advance
3)Comments and kudos let us know you are reading and enjoying, without them we're just not sure if it's worth it to keep going. Encouragement is A+
4)Like what you see? follow us on TUMBLR! (or message us a prompt you'd like to see!)

Will slept for what seemed like days, mostly on his good side, turned away from Hannibal because it was the only spot the felt right, that didn't ache. He only woke a few times to shuffled to the bathroom, most stumbling over things, and managing, and then back to bed. Often, his face felt on fire, there was little he could do but pop a few more pills for them.

A week in, they seemed to be doing okay, and Will woke with a start, the sun beaming through and warming them. He had a feeling things weren't going to stay sane for long, and the longer they stayed down the worse it would be for them.

Unease took over him, aware what The Dragon's men would do when their leader did not return. Will could only imagine the issues, and they were not ones he wanted Chiyoh to deal with on her own.

Will slipped out of bed with a grunt, wounds still healing, and made to bathroom to shower and dress, and then he'd start to pack.

Hannibal floated in and out of darkness as his wound slowly closed and started to heal. His movements were still slow and stilted but that didn't keep him down. The Dragon's men would be coming. They would deal with them, but not if he gave himself over to pain. The only ache that bothered him was the absence at his side as he woke.

Wrapping a robe around him and gripping his side he found Will, showered and dressed, "Leaving so soon?" His tone was smooth but his eyes were tight with pain.

Will had more than just stubble now, he had a beard after weeks of growth and not taming it down. He slid his eyes over to Hannibal with a little smirk, something many never got out of him. "Not quite. Just being ready."

"Wise boy. The Dragon and his men are not known for mercy or short memories." He moved to Will's side and slid a hand over his as he stuffed clothes in a bag. A week was a long time to be together, but apart.

Will paused at the touch, not sure where they stood right now, as they had said little to nothing since they patch each other up. It'd been a long and silent week, and Will was okay with that. He turned to look at Hannibal, tan against the cashmere of his robe, dark in color, making him seem even more sleek and elegant, even in just a house coat. "I'm sorry I ever pulled you into this mess."

Hannibal saw the flicker of hesitation in the slate-blue eyes. Will had his color back but still seemed pale and grim - certainly darker with the beard.

"I got here on my own, but I appreciate the company." He smiled down at him as stroked the back of his forefinger down his beard, just taking in the coarse feel of it against his own smooth skin. Will leaned into the touch, a small sigh escaping his lips, and the took to a seat in a chair near them, and then carefully pulled Hannibal into his lap, who was still likely far more fragile than himself.

"They will hunt us down, for slaughter."

Hannibal had little choice as Will pulled him down. He eased into Will's side to take pressure of his stitches, his expression curious at the shift in dynamic. Still, Will's touch was *never* unwelcome.

"They will. They will be disappointed. You were... magnificent." He ran his fingers though Will's unruly curls and then braced an arm against the chair in an effort to relieve some of the weight off Will. They were still testing boundaries, to see where they fit, *if* they fit, and how well. Hannibal was drugged and weak, and Will wasn't far behind. Maybe Will was being irrational in his quick-hearted feelings, but he wasn't about to give this up.

"As were you," the brunet whispered, resting his chin against Hannibal's shoulder, lifting his brows up toward him. "It was... beautiful."

Head loose on his shoulders and thoughts pliant, Hannibal closed his eyes and grazed his bottom lip along his teeth as Will leaned his head there. He was sure enough of his own place that he could accept this dynamic of comfort - for now. But he could sense Will's *testing* Will had already had him on his knees once, it was not a position he was prone to.

But love could be a wicked master.

He turned his face down towards Will, all sea-blue eyes, dark curls and pink lips. He pushed against the searing pain to lean down and gently kiss those soft lips while his free hand traced his scar across Will's chest.

Will parted his mouth, sucking in air that stung at his cheek, but he didn't seem to mind it as he closed his mouth around Hannibal's, head canted and lips meshing perfectly.

It was soft and sweet, but they both felt the charge of electricity between them, that this would not last forever, this was a lull in their storm, and the lightning had yet to strike.

The burning in his side was nothing compared to the small gasp of pain Hannibal drew from Will as he kissed him ever so gently. Letting his hand drift up to his jaw Hannibal kissed just

that bit deeper taking advantage of his position *over* Will. Storms came and went, this was forever. He let go of the chair and let Will have his full weight and full attention.

Will let Hannibal impose on him all he wanted, over him, beside him, or under him. Will would treasure, now, what Hannibal had given. There was no turning back. Will wrapped his good arm around Hannibal, gently, over his shoulder, and kissed him harder, pressing their bodies as close as they could like this. "Hannibal," he murmured into his mouth, scraping deft fingers down his good side sharply.

Hannibal groaned into the kiss before breaking away, pressing his forehead to Will's, panting slightly "Will..." His gaze was lust blown despite the pain-killer daze. As Will traced down his side he closed his eyes and leaned into the touch, hungry for more. He stood slowly and headed back towards the bedroom. He paused briefly in the doorway, a silent invitation, before disappearing.

Not needing another word, Will got to his feet, slowly, and paced after Hannibal, back into what was *their* bedroom. They had... time. Surely they had time before they'd be ambushed here. Chiyoh was on watch, after all.

Hannibal had enough trust in Chiyoh to take some time - for now. He was by the window, looking out over the view waiting for Will. He turned his face and then his body at the scent of him entering the room.

They both stood for a moment, both watching the other. Will strolled over, and stood, and then let Hannibal fill in the distance this time, letting him have the control he needed and sought after. Hannibal closed the space, coming to stand just in front of Will. Eyes locked he reached up with one hand and gently undid the first few buttons of Will's shirt and traced the claiming scar there.

Just as Hannibal was touching and feeling, Will was *learning* , seeing. Pressing his hand to Hannibal's hip, Will breathed in slowly, watching Hannibal with his wolfish eyes, as if watching his prey. "Handy work you did."

Hannibal felt the weight of Will's predatory gaze on him and stepped in to murmur behind his ear, "My best." His lips hovered over the pulse point there, nuzzling his beard, as his hand worked to undo and peel back the rest of Will's shirt. He palmed and stroked over his scars and skin in gentle turns.

Will hummed his approval, canting his head back and to the side to let Hannibal have access, to sink in those cannibalistic teeth of his if he wanted to. He let his arms drop and the shirt with it, baring himself to Hannibal, yet again, this time without hesitation. "Quite the artist."

With free access Hannibal smoothed his tender but hungry hands over every inch of Will that wasn't injured, occasionally skimming that which was. He kissed and bit down Will's jaw and neck, humming into a light growl. Biting at his beard, "This suits you..." He slid of his own robe and moved to hold Will against him, kissing and wincing slightly as he did.

Will let his rough, work heavy hands roam over Hannibal's skin once the robe was discarded, pulling their bodies tight together, as if exploring, *really* exploring for the first time without a

frenzy of lust behind their needs.

He parted his mouth against Hannibal's, tongue lathing softly over his lips at the wince, feeling his own tug at his cheek.

"Will..." a strained plea as strong hands pulled him in causing a sharp pain. Hannibal's hands quickly turned from exploring to gripping in order to stay standing. But with Will licking over his mouth like that - slick and soft, he melted into the kiss - the pain and pleasure becoming one as a bead of sweat ran down his temple.

Will wiped the sweat away and then lead Hannibal to the bed, to sit, and not strain. They couldn't do this now, they had barely healed, sewn together, but not quite *there* yet.

"Don't push it," he murmured.

"Hm," Hannibal sat and then leaned back, bringing Will down with him. "Doctor's orders," he murmured against Will's lips before kissing him again. They tangled into a gentle embrace of kisses and caresses, exploring as they healed - but nothing passionate or desperate.

It was a pattern they fell into over the coming days as they readied themselves to leave. They mapped each others bodies without the thick veil of violent lust that so often overcame their senses when they drew near each other.

Between the languid moments of tenderness there was the subtle dance of power games playing out - but nothing they didn't thrive on.

The morning came as they readied to leave. It was overcast. The light was grey and muted. Hannibal stood by the lounge-room window, looking out over the bluff as if committing it to memory. "Where is it *exactly* we are going, Will?"

"I know a place. I have a meeting to get to with her anyway, and it would serve us well for a time," Will said, pulling his jacket on over his shoulders, the coming winter was settling in. He'd packed up a car that Chiyoh had gotten for them, only things they would need, supplies, clothes and food. And a knife, of course. His knife. "Dragon's men won't go there, they'd be stupid to do that."

Hannibal turned and raises and eyebrow, hands behind his back. "Very well." He trusted Will enough now to go on faith alone. He was curious to see just what *kind* of place Will had in mind that no Dragon would dare tread. Hannibal was not unaware that Will had armed himself with his knife. He just hoped it had a decent kitchen. He was healed well enough now to cook, among other things...

He looked over Will as he got into the car, "Winter becomes you." he noted the pink blush in the younger man's cheeks.

"Thanks," he murmured, getting into the driver's side, since he knew where they were headed.

Hannibal watched Will in silence as they drove. A new darkness settled over him. Just as becoming as winter had been. The view shifted from soaring seascapes to upper-class suburbs and fine kitchens. The drive wasn't too long, back in Baltimore, in the upper part of town, high class, rich people area. Will parked the car. "Whatever you do, I need her to sign of my therapy slip, so don't... you know..." he gestured and got out, waiting for Hannibal, before walking to the door.

Hannibal rose slowly from the car but with significantly less pain than the last few weeks. He simply nodded in faint amusement at Will's request as he followed him.

A statuesque blonde opened the heavy wooden door. Hannibal couldn't help but be impressed by her grooming and cool demeanor. He'd have to be careful, she had a *keen* eye.

"Will," she nodded once and then locked eyes with him.

Hannibal offered a firm handshake, "Dr. Lecter." He figured she wouldn't live long enough to reveal their identities. As her eyes drifted down briefly over him, it was clear he had an *advantage* here.

"Please, come in." she waved them inside her home.

This would do nicely, Hannibal thought to himself as the woman looked him over.

Will offered his therapist a *look* as she let her gaze be set on Hannibal, her intentions always quite clear cut. She had the ability and money to do and say as she pleased.

"Sorry we're late," he murmured, unzipping his coat as they walked in,watching *his* Hannibal with a very close eye. The door was shut behind them and Will turned. He made a point and locking and bolting the door, his expression as it always was with her.

Chapter 8

Bedelia nodded at Will and then watched as the door was locked, eyes flickering only momentarily to indicate she was aware of what was happening here.

Tilting her chin up, she moved with a strange balance of rigidity and fluidity into the sitting room come consulting suite. She gestured for Will to sit. Her expression shifted slightly to long languid blinks and a slight pout, almost mimicking Hannibal as she locked eyes on him, "Will Dr. Lecter be joining us today? A highly...unorthodox approach to have a second opinion in the room but I can make an... exception." - like Will, she saw only one way out of this situation.

Hannibal watched the exchange, hands still clasped in front with a wry smile on his lips. His deep set almond eyes belied a certain warmth that could *almost* be mistaken for compassion by the wrong people, "The depends entirely on Will." Hannibal stepped towards Bedelia, "Your name would be?" The question curled off his tongue with seductive ease.

Hand fluttering to her throat and then back again she offers her perfectly manicured hand, "Dr. Du Maurier. But please, call me Bedelia."

Hannibal shook her hand, nodding slightly "Je suis bien-aise de vous rencontrer. And please, call me Hannibal," he said before placing both hands back in his pockets and turning back towards Will, still smiling. The house was exquisite and he could spy a rather large kitchen down the hall.

Will sat, as he always did, one leg crossed over the other, hand neatly folded in his lap, relaxed, even if he was everything but in the moment, he put on a good facade. Like Hannibal, Will had his own person suit, though he was aware Bedelia had seen through many years ago when they started this professional relationship.

"He's staying. He's not *that* kind of doctor," Will said, flatly, and tipped his head to glance at Hannibal, a deep knowing in his eyes, a wordless exchange they've somehow managed in their last month together.

Hannibal dipped his head, "Veterinary surgeon." - as far as both Will and Bedelia were concerned, for now. Not all of his person suit had come away with Will's carving. But as he locked eyes with his lover, he knew it would come undone, in time. Perhaps over a nice roast leg he thought as he turned back to Bedelia.

She nodded and kept her head slightly dipped until she took her seat opposite Will, arms and legs neatly crossed. "And to what do I owe this... pleasure?" She tilted her head and refocused her ice blue eyes on Will. She was all too well aware this was anything but a pleasure but she knew a man like Hannibal would grow bored of Will soon enough. He would seek a greater pleasure in someone of *her* ... caliber.

Hannibal didn't sit, he chose to move to the window and take in the view. He gazed out the window but all of his attention was focused on the scene behind him. He was *ready* but also

curious.

Bedelia, Will knew for a fact, had a habit of finding herself far more interesting than she was, and far more likable at that. She was boring at best, spouting off nonsense half the time, to which Will would come back with something equally poetic and yet very dangerous.

She never took his threats very seriously, and perhaps that was the problem here-- she didn't, in fact, understand Will Graham.

"State mandated therapy. I believe I'm on time. Maybe a day sooner than expected. You weren't expecting anyone else, were you?"

"Unexpected but not unwelcome." Her gaze slid up to Hannibal and back. "Are you concerned our time here will be interrupted?" She blinked more rapidly and swallowed deeply as she sensed the lion in the room. "What have you done, Will?"

"I'm concerned that there will be more people involved in this than need to be. It'd be a... s *hame* to have to put them down because you weren't more clarified in your answer," Will explained, unflinching.

"I could tell you many *stories* of the things I have done over the years that I have lied to you about. I don't think now is a good time to replace my fairy tales with non-fiction."

Bedelia rose and poured herself a glass of whiskey and raised an eyebrow to Hannibal who nodded in response. She poured one for Will regardless. It was clear this was no longer a professional visit.

"No. We shall not be interrupted. Nor do I have the means to interrupt us at this point." She handed Will a glass and then moved to Hannibal's side to offer him a glass, giving him a *look* . A plea for *help.*

Taking her seat again, "The only fairytale here, Will, is your attempt to convince me that I might live through whatever," she looked to Hannibal who has taken a seat by Will's side, "this is."

She arched her brow - not even attempting to hide her smugness. "I have been more than aware of your human veil since the very beginning. But you did seem to enjoy the fantastical so very much." Her head tilted minutely towards Hannibal as if trying to goad Will into doing something *rash.* She took a long sip and then held the glass delicately between two fingers over her knee.

Will took the glass, and considered it before taking a sip, but only after she had done the same. When Hannibal sat near him, he looked over at him for a brief moment and then sat forward, elbows to knees, watching Bedelia do her best not to fidget.

"You are, for now, our sanctuary from the Dragon's men. You provide us what we need, and you will live."

Hannibal sat back and took a carefree sip of whiskey, the woman had taste but *very* poor judgment.

Bedelia sat almost frozen in her way, eyes lightly glistening with tears, "How nice that I am your first association with sanctuary," her tone was acerbic as she took a long sip of amber liquid and let her look slide over Hannibal and back, "I still fail to see how my living through this serves you in any way."

Hannibal leaned forward, but not before taking in his lover's lean back and rough hands. He met Bedelia's gaze from under raised brow. The deep set, almond shape of his eyes cloaked in a veil of compassion. "I would help you, Bedelia. If you ask me too." Where her tone had been cutting, his was warm and open.

He was sure Will would see the manipulation, and that Bedelia wouldn't. Her interest in him was clear from the moment he stepped in the door - her eyes had even pleaded with him for help. Hannibal would use whatever advantage he could to keep both himself and Will safe.

"And what would ‘help’ look like, Dr Lecter?"

"For us, or for you? At the moment, they are one in the same."

"Am I ...hostage?" She had a cool waver in her tone that almost edged on excitement rather than fear. This was a woman drawn to dark places out of ambition compared to alignment. That would be her downfall.

At least she got to the point, Hannibal thought.

Will was quick to turn his head, to look at Hannibal out of the corner of his eye, the touch of hands conflicting with the words coming out of his mouth, as though he was consoling Bedelia, though Will knew better. Even if he did, it didn't really *help* the coiling ache in his belly that bubble with jealousy.

"Someone must answer your phone and your door, as we are not the occupants here," he sneered as he took another sip, enjoying the burn as it descended down his throat.

The simple answer was *yes* Bedelia thought. "And what makes you so sure the Dragon won’t simply slay us all as we sleep?"

Hannibal assured her, "The Dragon's men would do best to avoid any brush with the law or the like considering their trade. You will be perfectly safe, from them."

She seemed to settle under his words and gaze, she was a delightfully easily hypnotized prey. Hannibal leaned back, needing the rest but it was an effort to not give away his injury in front of this brittle but all seeing woman.

Will all but snorted into the glass, and then held it in his palm, evenly, looking at the liquid. She had no idea they had killed the Dragon himself, he had not been heard from, but who would? The gang would try to keep his departure a secret, should it all fall apart.

"You are perfectly safe from them, *Bedelia* ."

The minimally but warm styled room was crackling with a thick tension of spite and loathing. It was a story of hate that extended far beyond the current context. There was a backstory between these two that Hannibal was not privy to but, he did not need history to inform his insights. He had met women like Bedelia before. She was a proud woman and easily twisted into knots of his making.

"I would suggest that no one is *perfectly safe* in the current situation, Mr Graham." Bedelia smiled in the most contemptuous way.

Hannibal silently chuckled to himself over his drink, she *thought* she was being brave. "It is as safe as we choose to make it." He offered sincerely as he slowly started to weave the alchemy of lies and truths to assist Will in bending her to his will.

"You have an incredible eye for beauty, Bedelia. Perhaps you could show us your home here? I would *love* to see your kitchen and maybe even, the bedroom." Hannibal had the full intention of taking over both, Will at his side.

The poor woman looked over at him - a icy facade fractured. A rich red blush crept up her neck as her mouth opened in a slight gasp, hands moving to quiver over her chest before she managed to regain control.

Hannibal moved a reassuring hand to Will's shoulder and rubbed his thumb there.

Will's eyes never left Bedelia until Hannibal spoke about the bedroom. It took everything in him to clamp down his mouth to not say something bitter to him, knowing that this was a ploy. However, it seemed Bedelia was starting to catch onto that little tactic.

That wouldn't necessarily stop her though, Will knew.

Will stood, gesturing for Bedelia to do that same, and gently, without giving anything anyway, offered his hand to Hannibal to help him to his feet, sacrificing the ache in his shoulder.

"Hannibal is an excellent cook."

Hannibal smiled at Will's comment. Oh, if the boy only knew. He had been reciting recipes since he laid eyes on the woman.

Bedelia raised a brow at Will's gesture, "How... domestic."

Hannibal winced slightly as he stood and she caught it. Nothing was said - yet. But he could feel a storm brewing.

Will grasped Bedelia by the arm and forced her up and out of the room, leaving her glass of whiskey behind. He was done with games for now.

In the kitchen he sat her down and found a lovely knife from her block of them.

"Rope, where can I find it here?"

Bedelia gasped but didn't struggle, merely tried to keep up in her wavering heels. She sat down with as much grace as she could muster, brushing a flick of flaxen hair out of her mouth. She was about to shoot back a sharp quip when she saw Will brandish a knife, "Will..." her mouth opened and closed but nothing came out.

Hannibal moved up behind her, "I do believe it is polite to answer a question when asked, Bedelia. Would the garage be a reasonable assumption?"

She turned her head slightly, "Quite."

Hannibal left briefly to gather some rope, highly amused and completely at ease with the whole affair.

She turned her gaze back to Will as she tried to maintain composure however, her hands were visibly shaking now. " I can assure you, Mr Graham, I do not perceive your threats as idle. I will not run or call for help. We can file it under... patient confidentiality. It would be in both our best interests."

"I have no doubt of that. You've got quite a few other worrying patients that I'm sure the law doesn't want to know about," Will said, walking around her, he places a hand on her shoulder, knife to her throat.

"However, this is to keep you in line. So don't be brave, Bedelia."

"You righteous, reckless, twitchy little man. Do you honestly see yourself killing me?" Bedelia snapped before the knife was pressed against her throat.

The metal was cold and sharp against her throat. A silent gasp escaped as a single tear ran down her cheek. "Brave would hardly be wise in this circumstance, Will." She was going to have to rely on cunning. "I wonder what it is that I have done to incur such wrath. You are not a killer, Will."

Hannibal walked in to find Will there and said nothing. He gently laid the heavy yard of rope in front of Bedelia for her to see. He then walked up behind Will and smoothed a hand around his lover’s waist and rests his head on his shoulder. "Don't slice the meat too early, Will."

Will had nicked a spot against her throat, not deep enough to damage, but enough to trickle a line down her creamy white skin.

"I'm a lot of things, Bedelia. A killer is one of them. I don't tell you everything, just what the state *wants* to hear," Will mused against her ear before standing straight as Hannibal neared again.

"Lucky Hannibal finds you interesting enough to keep around."

Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will's middle and whispered against his neck, "I like to think of it more as marinating." leaning past Will he ran a finger through the blood and tasted it. "Bitter. Sharp on the tongue. Not surprising."

"Not to your tastes, Dr. Lecter?" Bedelia shuddered as he touched her neck like that.

"Not yet." He stated simply as he picked up the rope and started to wrap her middle, keeping her arms by her side so she couldn't move. "If you struggle it will cut off circulation." He wrapped her carefully, almost tenderly. "I am using strangulation knots." He leaned down in front of her face speaking in soft tones. "Each and every move will pinch your arteries just... that... bit... more." He locked eyes with Will for the last few words.

Marinating.

Will was starting to get a particularly good idea about the sort of person Hannibal was, and it wasn't a bad thing, it was *different* . Interesting, even.

A cannibal, of all things.

He glared at Bedelia as she seemed to resign herself to the predicament she gotten herself into.

Bedelia knew better than to fight, for now. "You know what they say about those who dine with cannibals, Mr Graham?" she tilted her chin up to meet his glare, her icy resolve had returned.

Hannibal smiled lightly as he finished off the last knot.

"No, Bedelia, but I'm sure you're going to inform me," Will said, not at all interested, but he was going to let her get in her two cents, it seemed to make her feel more dignified, at least for now.

Bedelia licked her lips slightly before she spoke, tilting her head to the side to look up at him, "They get eaten, Mr Graham. Or, do you somehow think you are *unique* enough in the current circumstance to avoid the table once you inevitably become *boring* ?"

Hannibal was finding the woman to be increasingly rude and eyed the steak knives but was aware she was trying to goad a quick death.

"Doctor Lecter has had every opportunity to eat me in the last month, and the only eating he has done, is one I don't care to share with you," Will said, knife still in hand, gripped hard enough that his knuckles turned white.

"I believe you just did, Mr Graham." she said with slow blink and a slight quirk of her lips.

Will just smirked, tempted to shove the knife right through her thigh, but instead, he took out his gun and smacked her across the back of the skull with it, knocking her unconscious.

Hannibal watched her slump and quickly moved to checked her pulse. With fingers on her neck and eyes focused on the ceiling he spoke firmly "She'll keep. At least until dinner." He then smiled a wicked smile up at Will.

Leaving her there he moved over to Will and gently takes the hand holding the knife. He licks the small amount of blood off there too. "But I am not sure you will keep quite as long... Mr

Graham." Despite his pain Hannibal manages to yank Will closer to him and kisses him with blood stained lips.

Will watched keenly and wrapped arms around Hannibal's shoulders. He gave into the kiss, pliable and easy, tongue and teeth wrapping and clicking pleasantly.

"You may just have to eat me *now* then," he quipped between kisses, breathing hard.

"Will..." Hannibal sighed into the kiss, his wide, plump lips tugging and sliding over Will's, his tongue licking at the taste of him. He almost buckled under the weight of desire that bared down on him while his skin came alive with the invisible susurration of hunger.

He had been waiting an eternity for this moment. And consummation after a bout of kidnapping and torture only made it that much sweeter.

"Oh, Mr Graham *eat* is such a crass word for what I plan to do to you with my mouth." Hannibal wished he had the strength to carry Will to the bedroom but stumbling up the hall, bashing into walls and doors with lips locked, tongues tangling and limbs entwined would have to do until they collapsed onto the bed.

Will still had the gun in hand, "Having second thoughts?" Hannibal teased.

Will tossed the gun somewhere to the ground as he slipped over the top of the mattress, knees first and then the rest of him, tugging Hannibal gently with him. They were both repairing and healing, but that wasn't going to stop them and Will wouldn't let it.

Not this time.

"How 'bout you shut up and put those words into motion," Will murmured against Hannibal's pliant mouth, and then pressed his tongue into taste him again.

Hannibal grunted and winced as he was tugged on to the bed by Will, but no level of pain was going to stop him chasing after him.

Elbows either side of Will's head he laid his long, muscular body over him. Hannibal raked his dark almost drowsy gaze over his lover, sighing with contentment.

When Will spoke he looked down at him and cocked and eyebrow, "Rude." He then kissed that rude, hot, pink mouth. He bit his lips and dragged his sharp, cannibal's teeth along the bottom lip. He then dived in to suck with utter depravity on his tongue, moaning as he tasted him. "Shockingly rude." he murmured against his lips and started to tug up Will's shirt, dragging his nails along his flank and teasing his ribs with hot fingers.

"I've never been anything but," Will quipped between long laths of his tongue, tugging of lips between teeth, and the eating of Hannibal moans between his own.

Sitting up, slipping on satin sheets and covers, Will tugged his shirt off and over his head with only a mild wince, movement in his shoulder was limited still, but the pain wasn't enough to stop this moment.

Not this time.

"I may just have to work some manners into that obscene mouth of yours." Hannibal had little to no intentions of taming Will. He groaned as Will pulled back from their kiss to slip his shirt off.

Hannibal took longer as he sat on the side of the bed and slowly unbuttoned his shirt and tugged it off. He stood, unzipped his pants and let them slide down before folding them over a nearby chair.

Peeling back the covers, "Look at you.." he hummed before sliding in beside Will. He held an arm back, inviting Will to duck under his arm and on to his chest. "Now, show me just how *rude* you are."

Will let his shoes and pants fall wayside off the bed, not as neat and tidy, at least not in these instances. He toes off socks and crawled over to Hannibal, into his embrace, one hand on either side of his chest, and then let the rest of himself cover Hannibal, neatly straddling his hips as he leaned down for another kiss, chaste, but passionate.

Will would never change, but he knew Hannibal didn't intend to, not for the world, not when they both accepted each other wholly, darkness binding their strange, almost forbidden like relationship.

Dipping his head, Will kissed Hannibal's clavicle, eyes gazing up at him as teeth sunk in over the bone, biting and scraping, his body sinking lower over his lover.

Hannibal carded strong, elegant hands through dark curls and over lean straps of back muscle as he returned the tender kiss.

Perhaps for the first time Hannibal felt fully *seen* and accepted. He suspected Will felt much the same. The way his eyes and lips moved over him belied a sense of treasured connection. Hannibal's eyes softened with pure adoration.

He hissed once as Will straddled his hips and again when he bit into his chest - neither pain unwelcome as his breath slipped into deeper, heated pants. Yes, Will... that.." he groaned as he watched.

He felt the back of his neck grow hot and a heavy ache of desire curl in his core as his hips tilted up into both pain and Will.

Will's teeth scraped down further, leaving light pink lines in their wake. He teased and lathed his tongue over a one nipple and then the other, having day dreamed about what it would be like to taste Hannibal /all/ over. The man below him was finally allowing it, and Will would take his goddamn time.

A hand slid down between Hannibal's legs, over his underwear, against his hardening length, grinding his palm there as he continued to abuse soft pink flesh with teeth and tongue.

Hannibal tilts his chin down to watch Will with glistening, maroon eyes, happy for the first *ever* time to be receiving rather than taking. He had little choice in his current vulnerable state. But as he watched Will graze his teeth down his chest, over the claiming scar there, he hardly cares and thinks he could happily end up here again – perhaps. If there was one person who could get him on his knees, it was the sublimely indomitable Will Graham.

His skin bristles with anticipation; he was almost breathless with want. “Harder.” His tone is authoritative but he’ll beg if he has to. Fuck those perfect fucking teeth. Those fucking perfect wolf-blue eyes. All he can think about is fucking Will’s soft, pink mouth and being fucked in return.

“Will…” he knew how to make Hannibal’s body sing and he does it all beautifully. His lithe, agile limbs are all fluid and predatory movements - claiming. He felt like he is being devoured and he offered himself up wholly. Something deep inside him cracked open, something dark, something tender, something aching, something beyond his meaty heart – his soul. It reached and… connects, black bleeding into black. One.

Will’s *rude* lips grow plump and pink as they work over Hannibal’s own flesh and he can see his cock straining in his boxers. His eyes crinkle with delight and he smiled a snarling, full, ravenous smile remembering the taste of him. “Oh, Will you horribly, wretchedly, perfect boy.”

One hand drops and twists through Will’s curls while the other grasps for purchase on anything he can find… bed sheets… pillows… bed head.

If the moment came… could he? Yes.

He groaned and rolled his hips.

He could push through the pain to kill a man in hand-to-hand combat if needed. He was a master of pain because he enjoyed it *oh so very much* .

If the moment came... would he? No.

He dragged his lower lip over his teeth as he raked his gaze over his dark lover now hovering by his cock. These are just the kinds of thoughts you have when you’re about to get fucked by a murderer. A murderer you had fallen maddeningly in love with.

Love is a dangerous thing like that.

Hannibal arched up as Will’s hand slid down between his own muscle-strapped thighs and over his cock, teasing him with long, slow strokes. “Rude…” he panted, tongue slack in his mouth. He started to leak from the slit of his throbbing cock. The deep knot of heat in his core is beginning to unfurl and bleed into his spine and down his thighs – everything is tender and hot.

The bed head was straining under his grasp. Rolling his shoulders up he moves his free hand down to slide inside Will’s boxers, cupping his smooth ass and kneading it with strong fingers. He can’t stop *touching* . He would indulge in gluttony just this once.

He arched his hips again and turned his head to the side drawing in hissing breaths against the soft, silk pillow before turning back to watch Will torment him with an agony of attention over his peaked nipples and scars, his expert palm trailing over his cock.

Hannibal’s heart beat loud and strong in his chest, the resounding thrum moved up into his head so all he could hear was the relentless pounding of passion that sought release. An *I love you* hovered on the tip of his tongue. But it was clear Will was going to keep him prisoner to passion for a time yet, “Vexing boy. You’re going to make me beg, aren’t you?” he snarled into a groan; head falling back and neck arching.

"Beg and beg," Will replied, coyly, as his mouth dip over the curve of his hip, breathing against the supple skin, and licked the goosebumps that it wrought to the surface.

Will could be gentle and easy, and he could be brutal and rough. Sometimes he could be both, especially with Hannibal, as the older man drew it out of him in turns and droves.

Hands splayed over Hannibal's chest as Will licked down, nosing against the wet stained strain of Hannibal's boxers, thumbing the tip through silken fabric. Teeth and tongue against the waistband, he dragged them down slowly, bringing fingers only to help strip Hannibal of his last bit of clothes completely.

Will had never know himself as well as he had now with Hannibal. He'd never been one to sexually satisfy easily, himself or others for that matter. Hannibal brought out a whole new animal in himself, something he'd been keeping down for a very long time.

Hannibal shivered as Will moved down over his hip, "Will.." his tone was a warning but as he was teased and stripped all his could do was growl and groan. He chest rising higher and faster with panting breaths.

As his cock shivered in the air, throbbing, leaking but untouched Will *almost* drew Hannibal's first beg.

As their eyes locked it was clear they were both finally becoming intimate with long hidden instincts. Hannibal tilted his head back and held his breath fighting his own urge to overturn the situation.

Breathing deeper, Will licked a thick stripe up Hannibal's cock, tracing the vein, slowly, and then down again, evenly paced. He clutched hips, and then his balls, working them over, aware that it was just *time* until the cannibal decided this game was done with, and Will was on his back again.

He'd enjoy his upper hand.

"Yes, Hannibal?"

"Please, Will, fuck me with that rude mouth of yours. Now." Hannibal groaned out as Will trailed his tongue across his thick cock that twitched and throbbed against soft lips.

God, he was perfect, even sublime as he worked Hannibal like an instrument - knowing all the right strings to pluck to call up the perfect melody of bliss.

"Please..." he arched his hips up into burning pain and Will.

To bring the man he'd come to know to beg for his mouth was more than enough for Will to dip low and pull the head against his tongue and against his throat. Over and over, lathing and skimming teeth against sensitive nerves, deft fingers pulling back foreskin, lapping up precome in his wake.

Groaning against Hannibal, he spread the man wide, taking him down to the hilt each time, effectively choking himself, enough to be painful, but nothing that didn't rouse his own cock. He rutted against the bed, slowly, needy, eyes dark with lust, but bright against his flushed face.

Hannibal wanted to make a quip about having now, finally fucked some manners into that rude mouth. How a little *please* can get you everything want... But then Will was there, like that, against his cock, over his cock and then...

"Oh, Will..." he laughed with delight and groaned again, his hand clutching at Will's curls. He shivered and turns as Will pulled back his foreskin to reveal his most sensitive part, his rude tongue curling around his head, sweet saliva running down his length.

Hannibal tugged the bed-head so hard the wood cracks. All the muscles across his chest and arms are tense to the point of shaking.

He closed his eyes and marveled at the slick, wet, heat of Will's mouth sucking over with the girth of his cock. He listened as Will nearly choked as he managed to take the full length of him. He shuddered and almost came when he hit the back of his throat, "Fuck.." he hissed.

As Will sucked harder Hannibal rutted up to follow his pull, chasing the feel of his mouth - it is so perfect in sensation it is as if it were made solely to pleasure him. He can't remember it being like *this* before "Remarkable boy..." he murmured.

Hannibal tilted his head down to meet Will's own dark gaze as it flicked up at him from under dark lashes. Hannibal memorized this moment. Will looked perfect there - wolf-blue eyes and soft, pink lips stretched wide, sliding up and down his aching cock. The sharp outline of his slight but muscular shoulders pushing his own heavy thighs apart. He looked over the length of Will's back as it dipped down and up while he rutted.

Small, blissful spasms start to rock out through Hannibal's core and down his trembling limbs. The bullet wound stings but that pain only adds to the pleasure.

He growled and snarled, purely primal sounds as he tries to hold back from cumming, his lips pulling up to reveal just the tip of his sharp cannibal's teeth.

"Harder..."

Every word that came from Hannibal's mouth as dubious and yet encouraging as Will set to work, faster and then harder, fingers and fists working and overlapping with each other, wet tongue over dry digits, until Hannibal was thoroughly coated in a sheen of saliva.

Will gazed up at the older man, dark eyes heady as he ground his own erection against the bed, sliding against silken sheets. He grated teeth against Hannibal's cock, sensitive and slow, the sound of his snarling words making him *bite* .

Hannibal was lost to sensation and breathing hard with hips arched high. Small snatches of heat were spreading out from his core and down into his cock as it throbbed against Will's tongue and fingers while flickers of light rolled behind his eyes.

Gripping the bed for purchase Hannibal growled and bucked, snatching Will's hair when he bit.

Gaze utterly lust-blown and lips snarling, "Harder."

Will bit down harder, enough to scrape and draw little bead of blood against the head, and then licked it off slowly, and took Hannibal down one last time before he tugged on his balls roughly.

"Anything else?" he murmured, coyly.

Hannibal growled into a deep groaning sigh, his body sinking down into the bed as pain became pleasure; a swirling mix of hot spikes and warm soft waves rolling over his skin. Will was magnificent. An undiscovered treasure. He seemed to know by instinct how to please him more than any other lover had.

He watched Will lick the blood off his wet and throbbing cock and closed his eyes for a moment just memorizing it all.

Opening his eyes, his licked his lips as made a motioning signal with his hand for Will to climb up on to him.

Will groaned at the look Hannibal gave him, and then slowly crawled up his body, slipping his own boxers off as he went, naked and skin-to-skin now, as he pressed the taste of blood and precome into Hannibal mouth, and straddled him.

Hannibal gripped the back of Will's neck and sucked on his tongue. "Louder," he ordered of the groans, as he wet his fingers with their kiss.

He reached down ran his dripping hand over Will's hole and then grabbing his own cock, positioned to enter. But instead of pushing in he just stroked the fat head back and forth over the entrance - teasing as he rocked his hips.

Leaking precome of his own all over between his stomach and Hannibal's, Will made a louder noise, rocking his hips down, and then canting them just *so* , and pressed down on Hannibal's cock, but didn't take him in, needing to stretch himself slowly.

"Hannibal-" he grunted against his mouth, panting, flushed, and swollen lipped.

Hannibal gripped Will's neck harder, holding him in place, "That's it, good, louder..." Hannibal pulled back and looked down at where he was entering Will. "Good... Oh... Will..." he was, sublime. The way his lean hips and tight ass curled over him.

He grunted as he pushed the tip of his cock in, letting it flick in and out stretching and massaging Will's twitching hole. His own pre-cum was thick and warm helping him slide over and around.

He let out a hissing snarl as he pushed it in just that bit further, his shoulders rocking forward and hips up.

Will steadied himself, weathered hands on Hannibal's shoulders, mindful of his own healing wounds, as he pushed himself down on Hannibal, to the hilt, his body letting out a shuddering sigh that turned feral growl. Fingers splayed against Hannibal's skin, and then tightened, pinching, scratching, bruising.

In that moment, Hannibal's head fell back and his eyeballs rolled, every part of him arched up, "Will.." he let out a shuddering groan feeling the tight heat of his hole around him.

Perfect. He was utterly perfect. He was slick velvet around his cock. No one had ever quite taken him the way Will did.

As Will turned into something feral above him, something equally as dark unfurled in Hannibal. He grabbed Will's hips hard enough to bruise for weeks and thrust up into him punishing cracks of his hips. Holding Will there his cock slid nearly all the way out before ramming back up again and again.

He stayed pushed back just watching Will above him as he panted hard with the effort, pain and pleasure of it all.

Will ground down where Hannibal arched up, connecting each time with perfect rhythm, over and over. Heat coiled in his lower back, like pools of melted silver, and started to sweat down his hair line, panting. Hands gripped tight into Hannibal chest hair, blue eyes meeting dark amber ones, never leaving them.

Hannibal leaned up and snaked one hand into Will's hair, bringing his head down into a heated kiss - tongues lathing over tongues, teeth biting at swollen lips, both panting and gasping for air between rounds. Their kisses slipped between tender and a fight for dominance.

He wrapped his other strong arm around Will's middle and crushed him to his chest. He used his legs to lift up and continue to thrust up into him, unrelenting and unforgiving. Liquid heat was now catching fire and racing through his back, core and loins. He started to shudder and hiss.

He could feel his side is wet with blood where his wound had torn but it only heightened the pleasure as he sank into their kiss. He wanted to devour this beautiful, horrible man whole.

As he feels Will's cock sliding between them he growls into the kiss, "Cum for me, Will." His maroon eyes are open, watching the bright, shifting blue. He wants to catch this moment and store it forever.

Will's hand caught on Hannibal's side, the wound there bleeding against his palm, but he *licked* it off his hand slowly as he as he panted breaths between them. Liquid heat poured down through his veins, between his thighs and up the middle of his back. He clutched Hannibal tightly into skin and hair, gasping.

"Hannibal-" he felt himself convulse, heaving breaths and clenching around the older man under him as he came, strings of pearly hot white.

Hannibal held his breath and licked his lower hip as he watched Will lick his blood. His whole body was suddenly hot and quivering with desire - the likes of which he had ever known before. Closing his eyes he arched up and let rip a thoroughly primal groan.

He. Was. Perfect.

He could feel his orgasm shudder and release in quick, hot spasms as Will's hole twitched tight around him. When the younger man groaned out his name Hannibal snatched his hair and brought him down into a violent kiss where he tasted his blood on Will's lips, his own body was still rolling with the waves of what seemed to be a never ending orgasm. "Will... My...Will..."

He felt Hannibal desire finally spill, and rode him through it all, waves of pleasure like an ocean as they bucked and rutted, and finally collapsed against each other, with biting kisses and domineering bites.

Huffing and panting,Will rolled off first, onto his back, hand over his chest as he caught his breath, sweaty curls haloing his cherubic features.

It was only out of sheer physical necessity Hannibal let Will go. He needed to treat his wound but he took a moment to roll on his side, propped up on one elbow, to admire Will laid out like that; sweaty, spent and perfect.

Hannibal ran a lazy hand down over his face, neck and long, smooth chest right down over his thighs. He took in every curve of his body and sleek brush of his skin.

He rolled his heavy set shoulders forward and kissed the center of Will's chest, right over his claiming scar, damp sandy-grey hair falling in his half closed eyes as he breathed in deep - memorizing the scent of his sex on Will's skin. "Perfect."

Chapter 9

Hannibal was amazing, and although Will was probably the worst at expressing such things, he pressed his hands into Hannibal's hair and curled his fingers there, holding him closer, for just a bit longer. A flush darker than that from the sex graced his tanned skin, and Will kissed Hannibal for the simple word, no matter how much he knew it wasn't true.

Hannibal hummed into the kiss before pulling back to start working on his wound. He was more than aware that Will thought himself far less than perfect. But the truth was, Will was utterly remarkable and time enough together would show him that.

Hannibal would bring it out of him, he could already feel the younger man reaching for the parts of himself he had long since rejected. Time would show Will a new way to look at those parts and in turn, perhaps, elicit a deeper understanding between them.

Hannibal hissed as he dragged over the medical kit and pulled back the dressing. He needed to clean and redress the wound. No major damage but enough to cause discomfort. He slowly pushed up off the bed, still unsteady from the pain.

"Let me," he said, more than capable now that he had dressed and cleaned the wound many times, Will stood and went to wash up, hot water scathing over his hands, reddened from it, and then returned.

Will held out his hands for the kit, and put a clean towel down beside the bed. It was best to keep himself busy.

"With pleasure," Hannibal leaned back on the bed and watched Will work, head canted and expression warm. He only tensed a few times from pain - nothing serious.

"You have surprisingly gentle hands," Hannibal mused. They looked sturdy but were dexterous.

He couldn't help but brush his hand through Will's mussed up curls, "Hungry, Will?"

Setting to work without another word, he let Hannibal's own settle into the back of his skull, never letting his eyes skitter from the task at hand. Finally, he tied off the thread and cut it, setting everything back inside the kit neatly.

A dark craving crossed his features, sinking into a slight grin across his lips.

"Famished, Doctor."

They had a prized pig tied up in the kitchen that Will was dying to sink his teeth into. The thought of something so unusual going across his tongue made him lick his lips.

Hannibal slowly canted his head as he watched with Will's expression change with cool intensity, "If I wasn't so concerned with the meat going off, I would have you on your back

again."

He gently reached down and snatched Will's ear, holding him in place as he stole a hungry kiss. Panting against the man's lips, "How are you with saws?" The ice queen would make a lovely roast, one that she would share in tasting before her final demise.

A hiss came and then a moan; Will kissed the doctor back, delving a hot tongue into his mouth slowly, pressing his weight against him just enough and then crawled from the bed to find his clothes.

"You'll find that I am very good with a lot of things." Will had work calloused hands, not smooth and pampered ones.

Hannibal slowly buttoned up his shirt, "I have no doubt," and then pulled on his slacks. Hannibal's hands were smooth and elegant but no less powerful. They were a good *match.*

Out in the car he pulled out a locked suitcase and tool box. Enlisting Will's help at every step he laid out all of his tools neatly in the garage and then unrolled some plastic sheeting. He made a makeshift bench out of planks and covered that with plastic too. He frowned at the end, "It will do."

Unlocking the suitcase he then set up a series of drips and set out some injections. Considering a moment he picked one up and smiled up at Will, "Something to thaw the meat," before motioning for them moving back into Bedelia.

Will helped, and watched Hannibal make do where Will knew he *could* potentially make something better for the man, but time was precious in this instant. If they settled again any time soon, Will would make something a bit more

... sturdy.

"How cruel," Will chuckled with a sly grin pressed against his lips. "You mean to keep her awake as we lop right into her."

Hannibal took note of the way the younger man worked. He was more than handy, he was a craftsman. *When* they settled he would ensure he had all the room to create as needed.

Hannibal opened the door back into the house, bowing slightly and waiting for Will. "Of course. It is her leg, after all," he hummed as they moved into the dining room where Bedelia was still passed out on the table.

Hannibal bent at the hip and checked she was still alive and then gently took her arm and injected her. Looking at Will, "It's nice when someone sees us." He smiled and blinked slowly before pulling her back up to sitting.

He studied her eyes as she started to come to. "She will be very...pliable. But aware." Will would still be able to wreak his revenge if he desired above and beyond simple cannibalism.

He sighed as he looked over her, "She is light but carrying her will still be awkward given both our conditions."

Will raised his brow, and walked in past Hannibal. He watched as the man worked her over like an actual doctor and not just a veterinarian. Will suspected the lack luster career was a double facade to keep the authorities off his back. Clever.

Very Clever.

"We could make her walk. Can she?"

Hannibal's eyes shine with a glint of whimsy, a wry smile on his lips. "At this very moment she can." He started to make quick work of undoing the ropes around her eventually freeing her.

He held out his hand as if he were inviting her to dance as opposed to watch her own leg get amputated and eaten. She took his hand and started to rise, wobbly on her feet. All her limbs were loose, neck rolling. Her eyes were hooded as if she were about to sleep and her mouth kept pulling up into a giddy smile at random moments.

"Thank you, Doctor." She gripped on to his shirt and fell into his arms a moment. "You are dangerous." She smiled up at him.

Hannibal just smiled smugly over at Will before his attention is dragged back to the woman in his arms. "Shall we dance?"

Will's icy blue gaze was just as dangerous as Hannibal was, watching them as he remembered their encounter just an hour earlier, their warm bodies mingled and sharing of intimacy. He had to keep this reminder at the back of his mind. He offered his arm to her on the other side, to allow her motion to move, and let Hannibal lead them.

"We shall," she giggled and dipped looking up at Hannibal. As Will took her other hand his tips a little and her head lolls to the side. "Oops. My, Mr. Graham. Tango for three?" She sputtered a small laugh as Hannibal guided them into the garage.

"Please, Bedelia, why don't you lie down." Hannibal said, as they walked her to a makeshift table where she half toppled into a prone position.

Easily suggestible in this state, Bedelia laid back, hands gently folded over her belly as she followed Hannibal with rolling eyes."Are we playing doctors and nurses?" She laughed at her own joke while Hannibal arched a brow at Will, a smile on his lips as he started to hook her up to the drips. "Ow!" she whined at the jab but the pain is quickly forgotten.

"Tell me, Bedelia, are you left or right handed?" The meat would be most tender on the dominant leg.

"Right." She dipped her chin and blinked flirtatiously up at him.

"Good." He smiled warmly up at her. Turning to Will, "She is compliant but she may still need to be tethered for this next part. We should prop her up so she has a view, too. Could your expert hands whip something up?" A flicker of lust rolled through his gaze as his remembered Will's hands working him this morning.

Will lingered in the background, hands in his pockets as Hannibal readied the 'patient' for her amputation. He wandered the house for more rope, something softer maybe, to make her more relaxed, less rough on the skin. Last thing he wanted was more *complaining* .

He gathered silk scarves from her drawers and tied them together, and then helped Hannibal maneuver her to to sitting with her face toward a window, eyes able to see out the slanted blinds, but no one could see in. Will wrapped her up in them, around her wrists, her ankles and then together and around the chair. He rested heavy, work calloused hands over her shoulders, grounding her.

"Comfortable, Bedelia?" he whispered near her ear.

Bedelia's head rolled loosely to the side as she tests her silky restraints and looked up at him, a sweet smile and a coy fluttering of eyelashes, "More than, Mr. Graham," she giggled quietly, "Such, bracing proclivities have never come up in your sessions," she whispered against his cheek.

Hannibal moved to her right side. Gazing up at her he slowly slide her skirt up, inch by inch revealing a perfect, porcelain thigh. Hannibal ran his hand over it considering what a beautiful, lean roast it will make. Meanwhile, Bedelia gasped and blushed, "Hannibal…" She looked up at Will, "I simply had no idea it was going to be that kind of party." She grinned, panting and flushed.

Hannibal smiled up at her briefly and then focusing his attention on Will as he applied a firm hand and then tourniquet to her right leg up by the hip joint. "Oh, Mr. Graham has many hidden but shockingly arousing talents that lend themselves to all kinds of revelrous occasions," he punctuated his statement with a firm pull and snap of the tourniquet.

He moved behind her now and slowly unzipped the back of her dress, "Better, Bedelia?" he was flicking a large needle behind her back where she could not see.

Bedelia tried to lean her head back to see him but couldn't. "Much," she whispered breathlessly.

Leaning down Hannibal gave her a large epidural which would stop her feeling anything from the waist down. Although it may have been enjoyable to see her writhe in pain, cutting the meat free in such conditions would be near impossible.

Hannibal bent down beside her bare thigh, stroking it, teasing her. "Can you feel this now?"

Bedelia considered the question earnestly, her thoughts growing more ductile. "Hm no. But that is not to say I wouldn't like to. You have...elegant hands for such a man of your stature."

"Thank you, Bedelia." Hannibal offered a genuine smile before turn to prepare the bone saw, suture kit and various implements.

"Will, you may want to find an apron or make sure you are wearing something you are not concerned with losing later."

Bedelia giggled at the thought of what she *assumed* was happening.

All of Will's clothes were borrowed from Hannibal anyway, they hardly fit his frame, or do his physique justice the way they do Hannibal. Even still, he went to find a apron, two of them actually, and held one to Hannibal as he tied the other around himself, frilly and stupid looking, but it hardly mattered in the moment.

"My, my, Bedelia, what have you gotten yourself into," Will murmured, squatted down near her, watching Hannibal work with his perfect, elegant hands.

Bedelia rolled her head to the side batting her eyes at Hannibal and then at Will, who she is seeing in a thoroughly new light now. "Oh, nothing I'm sure I can't handle, Mr Graham," she whispered breathlessly with a smile against his cheek.

Hannibal turned entirely focused now as he used a fine scalpel to create a skin flap around her upper thigh. It was a neat, quick cut done in two strokes. With long, elegant fingers Hannibal peeled back the skin like one might pull down a thin stocking. It rolled and folded in pink and bloody wrinkles. Blood leaked out but less than expected. He turned, placing the scalpel back and returned with a larger scalpel to cut the muscles and tendons exposing brilliant white bone.

Hannibal talked briefly as he cut, "Must be careful to make the right cuts, not only to ensure the wellbeing of the patient," he let that hang, "but the tenderness of the meat. One must never slice against the grain." a wry smile playing on his lips as he chuckled once to himself, dryly.

Bedelia sat back now eyes wide and hands straining under the silk scarfs. "I do...believe I am having the most strange dream. Will? Hannibal? What have you done?" Her mouth drops open in slack horror, a scream perched under her skin.

Will watched, but mostly kept his eyes on Bedelia, how very drugged she was, docile even, and how she thought one thing was happening, and yet clearly not. Will gave her an awkward, unmeaning smile.

"Shh," he whispered, pressing a finger to her lips to keep her quiet, not wanting her to get an idea that she should scream now that she had been what Hannibal was actually doing to her. "I would hate to have to gag you."

Bedelia giggled at the notion. "Gag me, Mr. Graham? Ah, you’re planning on making me scream?" She bit his finger and giggled. "It's just a leg. I have two." Entirely convinced it was a dream.

Hannibal pulled out the small bone saw, compact in size for occasions such as these and made two next cuts through the thigh bones. He watched her face as he did, she only seemed to giggle at the idea, far more focused on the blue of Will's eyes.

He set the saw down and then slid the leg off, leaving enough flesh and muscle to fold over and stitched back up.

"Bedelia, would you mind?" he handed her her own leg as the horror started to dawn on her. The feel of her own flesh under her hands, growing slack and cool as it ran out of blood. He smiled up at Will as he moved to staple her thigh over.

"Oh... Bedelia..."

Will watched her with feign interest, and the way her eyes moved like she had no control, and felt *nothing* . It was good she didn't, he couldn't stop those sorts of screams from coming from her no matter what they stuffed down her throat.

No use in bitter meat, either.

"It'll be an exquisite roast. Hannibal is quite the chef."

Bedelia looked down at her own leg, very real, very heavy and very *not* dreamlike in her hands. Her hands shook in their tethers trying to get the thing *off* Her mouth hanging open now broke into a high pitch, blood curdling scream. "Oh my god! What have you done! Will! Will!" She screamed and screamed until her crystalline voice grew hoarse. Her eyes pleaded and tears ran as she looked up at him.

Hannibal smiled as he finished off stapling her thigh and wrapping it in gauze.

Hannibal took the leg. "I'll be a moment." He moved and placed the leg in the kitchen and set the oven to 180 degrees. He came back to help Will get her back to the table where they tethered her once again, drips and fluids still attached to keep her *mostly* docile.

Will had just blinked at her when she screamed, and attempted not to stop her, it wasn't likely anyone would ask about her either. She had her profession from home, and Will had once seen someone come out crying and no one helped.

Bedelia could be just as bad as they were, he had a feeling.

"How long are we going to keep her this way?" Will asked, looking down at Bedelia, finally back into a daze.

The screaming was music to Hannibal's ears, to a point. Then he considered slicing her throat. She grew hoarse just in time.

Hannibal was busy pouring over the nearby wine collection. "One, final meal then we can decide. Always better to decide these things on a full stomach. Wouldn't you agree, Bedelia."

He looked over as she nodded, slightly.

He moved into the kitchen to decant the wine and prepare the meat. He nodded for Will to follow.

"Tell me, Will, how would you do it?"

He found a decent cleaver in the draw and after sharpening it, wielded it like a honed swordsman, barely blinking as it sliced through bone and muscle alike. The strength in his

arms greater than even perhaps Will had credited him with.

Will watched and then followed after Hannibal, Sure Bedelia was in no state to move or scream this time. She was blissfully unaware, and drugged enough to not care.

He leaned in on the counter, watching the older man diligently, and raised one dark brow toward him.

" *Do* What exactly?" he asked, just to be clear.

Bedelia's kitchen was surprisingly well stocked and Hannibal was out to impress. He wrapped a neat white apron around his narrow middle that only worked to accentuate his broad shoulders more. He didn't have time for a spit roast but he could improvise.

Hannibal wrapped the neatly cut thigh into leaves, he drizzled with oil and mild herbs and started wrapping with foil to go in the oven. He managed to fit the leg in and set it for two hours.

Hannibal washed his hands and started preparing some root vegetables. He hunted around to see what he could find for a light salad.

He looked at Will as he sought clarification and simply tossed a potato up and let it fall and slice over the knife, quick and clean. He returned a cool look and a raised eyebrow to Will. He knew *what* .

But that dark and coy expression made him want to bite Will's face clean off. Such beauty was thoroughly indiscrete, especially in the kitchen.

Will leaned on his forearms, hair falling precariously in his face as he did, but he didn't move it, or push it back. A distant look crossed his face, eyes glazed over as if in another moment, another time. He was vividly thinking about the ways he would kill Bedelia, ways he had often thought about in his sessions, while she prattled on and on about moving forward and getting a job.

She was the reason he was kept out of jail and yet the reason he felt like a prisoner anyway. Caught between the law and underground. Will really just needed to get away from *both* .

"With my hands. I'd choke the life out of her. Slowly."

Bedelia also had excellent taste in wine. He poured them both a glass of Penfolds Cabernet Sauvignon. "This will bring out the flavor of the meat." He offered a glass to Will.

"Fitting, to have her words choked out of her. You very much enjoy the personal touch." Hannibal smirked a little as he said that and sipped his wine after inspecting it.

"It would be intimate. As it should be," Will said, taking the glass and swirling it first, then sniffed it, as Hannibal often did, and then tasted it.

Unable to help himself, Hannibal leaned forward and brushed the hair out of Will's sea-blue eyes. "Where do you go when your mind wanders so far, Will? You seem trapped in your

own visions."

Will glanced back up at Hannibal, a weary smile over his lips.

"I... I'm here..." He blinked his eyes, all the lost focus gone. " Vivid imagination. I was thinking over all the ways I'd like to see her die."

Hannibal sat the glass down and wiped his hands on his apron and moved over to Will. With an elegant index finger he brushed his cheek and tilted his face up to look at him, to meet his crimson gaze that was warm, just this once.

"Your mind is fascinating but an easy place to get lost in. Why do you wish to see her die?" Hannibal was not concerned with the killing or, with Will's desire to kill. Bedelia's death had a hidden meaning for Will that Hannibal wanted to prize out.

Hannibal was not alone in needing a way out, but he needed to hear it from Will's lips.

"She's the paste holding this model of a life together that I have here. It's not even a life at all, it's lies on lies, and..." Will sighed out, his gaze reaching Hannibal's as he swallowed, jaw shifting.

"She's only ever done what she needed to keep me out of jail again, and never anything more. I think she likes to see people suffer, and for that... I want her to suffer."

Hannibal's gaze raked over Will as he spoke, the huff of breath and gentle movement of his jaw, his strained and exhausted words.

"We seemed to be as trapped in the untruths of our lives as one another." Albeit Hannibal had found a certain peace in his lie. That was until Will Graham had burst into his world and woken everything real and dark in him.

"She will suffer beautifully under your skilled hands." Hannibal brought Will's hand up and gently kissed the knuckles and then Will's lips. It was a tender kiss, soft and endearing but then Hannibal needed more and he started to walk Will backwards towards the counter.

"Perhaps after all this we should talk of freedom and new lives. Tell me Will, are you an impulsive man?" He ran his hands down over Will's hips where he held him against the bench, kissing his neck.

"Sometimes," Will answered, feeling Hannibal's hand on his hip made him remember the warmth of his skin against his own just hours ago. He could smell the sex on them both still, and he moaned for it the second Hannibal's lips touched his neck.

Hannibal caught the moan and gently set Will's wine aside. He caught both Will's wrists, pinning them to the counter as he kissed down his jaw and back up to his lips.

He forced Will's legs apart with his thigh and pushed their hips together. "Only sometimes?" he panted into Will's mouth as he started to suck his tongue and move his hips.

"Often," Will whispered instead, watching Hannibal's perfectly dark eyes as they kissed, moaned, and panted, rutting against each other perfectly. Their journey had been a short one so far, but Will felt he'd finally found that someone who understood him.

Some *he* understood.

"Often?" Hannibal kissed his mouth open and murmured there, "How about now? Turn around and place your hands on the bench." It wasn't a question.

Hannibal was seeing *how* impulsive Will Graham was before moving on to the next leg of their journey which, would be described as more than impulsive. It could be described as positively whimsical if everything went to plan.

But Hannibal knew what he wanted and never failed in his pursuits. He wanted Will Graham. He wanted to be seen and understood by a loyal and equal companion with whom he could share *all* his darkness and desires.

"Now."

Will turned as commanded, to prove a point, to prove he would do what it took to keep up with Hannibal. But, he'd be honest with himself, he was doing it because he wanted to, he lusted over this sort of spontaneity.

He spread his legs a little, giving Hannibal a look over his shoulder.

Hannibal would *never* make Will do anything he didn't want to, he was merely curious, and pent up from spilling blood together. He had never shared murder or torture with anyone. To be honest, he'd never had the desire to share that part of himself.

What he had shared of himself with Will today was as intimate as he had ever been with anyone. He could not imagine ever wanting anyone else again. Will was his and he was Will's.

Then Will gave him *that* look over his shoulder. Dark curls, coy blue eyes and pink lips. "Now," Hannibal growled with an authoritative tone although his knees were weak. He was *quite* sure Will knew what *that* look did to him.

He pressed his narrow hips and throbbing cock against Will's pert ass and reached around to undo his pants. Tugging them down he realised they had a perfect view of Bedelia's roasting leg.

He put his hand on the back of Will's neck and bent him right over as he undid his own pants.

Leaning over he grabbed a bottle of oil and covered Will's ass in Virgin Olive Oil. Freeing his cock he pressed in and thrust deep inside Will's hole with one, hard push. Hannibal groaned out and panted hard as he felt Will's tight hole clench around him. "Will.."

Holding Will down against the counter as he thrust he reached around to stroke his cock with an oil-slick hand.

Hannibal was quite sure he had never seen anything as beautiful as Will yielding under his touch. No matter how this young man laid himself out, his strength and darkness never fully surrendered and that only made Hannibal crave him more. He was his perfect equal.

It was decided in that moment Hannibal would offer Will the freedom and security he deserved - if he would take it.

He leaned in and kissed the back of his neck as he ground down into him. "You are perfect. And mine."

Will only submitted because he wanted to, and they had earned this in each other time and again. Letting Hannibal have him like this, feral and wanting, was more than a sacrifice, it was a longing in Will, one he never knew he desired.

Dark curls fell out of place, and Will pressed palms into the countertop, hips arched and rolled back to take Hannibal in with a deep seated grown.

"Yours," Will rasped out as Hannibal fucked him, but it was not with emotion, this was how they were-- rough and monstrous, perfectly fitting puzzle pieces.

The bigger picture we becoming clearer and clearer.

Hannibal was more than aware Will's submission was something *gifted* not taken. After all, it was Will who had Hannibal on his knees the first time they made love.

Will was the only person Hannibal would submit for in return, if he was strong enough to reach out and take it.

Hannibal spread his long, thick thighs and pressed himself fully down over Will, his back and shoulders smothering him whilst entwining fingers together.

Laid out together like this, Hannibal fucked Will hard against the counter, feeling every roll of his back and ass. Hannibal's head fell forward, sandy grey hair in his eyes, as sweat dripped down onto Will's neck. Hannibal *bit* the back of Will's neck as he started to pound with more fury. He growled and groaned out Will's name as his breath quickened and blood raced. His heart was swelling to fill his chest and snap through his ribs.

The bigger picture was perfectly clear.

Hannibal didn't need words for Will to know what he was feeling, thinking even. Will had the ability to sense it, to know it when he was honed in on his lover, perfectly so now. They'd come to combined souls somewhere down the line, and each time they made love, it felt like they were getting more and more trapped inside each other. They'd never survive separation at this point.

Will didn't want to, either.

"Hannibal-" he grunted from under him, chest huffing against the cool marbled counter top, leaving sweaty, hefty clouds against it, his body felt like fire itself was shooting through is veins and boiling in his loins, up and over his lower back.

Hannibal pulled back to standing, running his long, oiled fingers down over Will's perfectly arched back and pert ass, slapping it hard. He grabbed one hip to stabilise his thrusts while he reached around and started to stroke Will's cock with his oily hands.

Hannibal was only faintly aware of how much Will could honestly pick up from him. But he knew it was enough that they rarely *needed* words. But even without such intimate knowledge, they had shared and seen so much of each other over the last few weeks not only would they not survive separation, it was not an option.

Their love was a prison and Hannibal was happily captured, for good.

With every drop of blood, every kiss, every word, every knowing look they were sinking further into one another. Will Graham had come crashing into his world and blow it apart, freeing him and imprisoning him all at once.

In Will Graham he had found a completeness. Love.

Hannibal closed his eyes and sank in further as his thrusts became more violent and his strokes firmer. "Oh Will, your perfect ass..." a quick heat crept up his spine and started to crest in an all consuming wave of pleasure.

Will made a noise as their position changed again, deeply entranced with his own pleasure, but also Hannibal's, which mirrored off the man, soaking into Will easily, as he let himself float into Hannibal's head space, engulfed here. His hands tightened at the edge of the counter, holding himself up as the heat started to burn through his thighs, Hannibal's cock reaching that perfect spot every time, and the motion of his fist boiling him to the edge.

Grunting, Will felt himself reach that cliff, and he let himself slip over the edging, dragging Hannibal with him, moaning with passionate need.

Hannibal's eyeballs roll back as he sees nothing but white sparks behind his eyes, his whole body quaking and rocking forwards as he comes hot and hard into Will's ass, filling him so white liquid splashes down his thighs.

When he hears Will come over that cliff of pleasure with him he groans and catches Will's seed in his hand. Hannibal smiles and kissed Will's back as his perfect his hips jerk forward with his orgasm. He brings his hand to his mouth and licks it clean, wanting to consume every part of him.

Hannibal pulls out slowly and delicately, the oil making it easier than usual. He gently turns Will around to face him, his finger curling under his chin to drag him closer and up. He lets his crimson eyes sink into sea blue for a long moment, he knows Will can feel everything he is thinking.

"The roast will take an hour or so. We have time to," Hannibal looks down at their oil and cum stained clothes, "clean up."

Hannibal takes Will's hand, the bottle of wine and glasses "Bedelia's bath has a rather spectacular view of the forest and lake." Again, it wasn't a question, nor what was coming

next.

Will panted, catching breath as Hannibal turned him so their eye were locked, a pleasant knowing around them hummed through the air like static. They were hardly good people, they were the worst, honestly, and Will knew it. No better way to go down than to go down with someone just like himself, if not worse.

They rot together. Hopefully with a dog or two at their side. Just not here, they couldn't hide out forever. For now, they could enjoy it before the running started.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

> Co-author of this fic and I have split ways, but the fic is done, so I am posting the chapters slowly. It's not beta'd or edited in anyway. My apologies.

Will took Hannibal's hand, the other holding his pants up, and walked them back to the bedroom once again, past it, into the bath.

Hannibal was aware of ideas of good and bad, right and wrong, moral and sinful. But the lines were artificial and woefully constructed.

One did better to carve their own meaning in things.

Hannibal absentmindedly rubbed the claiming scar on his chest as he ran the bath.

Bedelia's bathroom was just as well stocked as her kitchen; bath oils, candles, luxurious bath towels, and fresh flowers. She was a woman who had an eye for elegance.

Hannibal was dressed only in pants as he worked over the tub, his heavy back muscles moving over large bones that tapered down to his narrow waist.

He smiled up at Will and nodded, gesturing for him to get in and wash off.

Their affair had started in a bathroom, and it seems all endings found themselves in their beginnings.

Watching the veterinary doctor work, Will couldn't help but admire him, touching his back where muscles ripples perfectly, caressing down his stomach to his hips, and then up his chest, behind him. Will wrapped an arm around Hannibal's trim waist , resting his chin on his shoulder and giving him a dubious look.

"And you? Or am I being treated especially well for a reason?"

Hannibal sighed and ran his hands up into dark curls. He adored Will Graham but secrets of the heart were going to be difficult around him. Even for someone such as himself,

Hannibal stood up and undid his pants, stepping out of them before turning and undressing Will, going down on bended knee as he peeled his pants and underwear off him.

He paused at Will Graham's feet and looked up, "And me, if you'll have me."

Will stared with a blank expression for a moment, watching Hannibal on his knees, hardly a man who got down to do that for just anyone. Will's hands shook a little as he put them in Hannibal's hair, caressing it down.

"Ha-Have you?" These were instances where Will couldn't quite pick up what emotions he was reading, and what were his own. He was... surprised, to say the least.

Hannibal stood up slowly, letting his hands glide up calves, lean thighs, buttocks, hips chest and neck until he was holding his face.

He could be mean here and tease about whether he wanted to bathe alone or, with him. Or, he simply state his intentions.

But even he could sense how overwhelmed Will was just standing here. He let silence talk for a while.

Hannibal stepped into the bath and gently tugged Will in with him, laying him against his chest. The warm, lightly scented oil lapped around them - sandalwood and orange. The same as the house on the bluff. Getting the soft wash cloth, he wet it and started to wash down Will's smooth chest, just as they had done that day at his house on the bluff.

"Have me," he said simply in a warm, curling tone over Will's shoulder against his cheek.

Hannibal stood up slowly, letting his hands glide up calves, lean thighs, buttocks, hips chest and neck until he was holding his face.

"Have you," he repeated again, resting up against Hannibal in the bath, romantic and easy, nothing like he was expecting, or ever would, from a monster like the man behind him.

People could be unexpected, that was certainly true.

Will lifted his hand and took Hannibal's left hand in his own and threaded their fingers together, clasping.

"Are you asking me to have you for now or forever?"

Hannibal chuckled against Will's head as he squeezed his hand, rubbing his other hand over Will's ring finger. "Well, at *present* I only have one ring to offer, but to me, they are one in the same. As you take one, you have both."

He lifted Will's hand and kissed his ring finger, "I don't imagine you are a man needy of fancy affairs or long engagements?" especially on the run as they were.

Will looked at Hannibal out of the corner of his eye, carefully, and then at their hands, and the kiss to his ring finger. Hannibal was /serious/.

"Fancy? Me?" Will chuckled and leaned back more, into Hannibal. "Long engagements are for those who don't know if they want it at all."

Hannibal wrapped his long arms around Will and kissed his ear, "You're stalling, Mr Graham." he wrapped his legs around and under Will's, the water splashing up over the sides and under their chins.

"Are you actually *asking* me to... *marry* you?" Will asked, very much surprised, but shock was more like it, the value of that was very real.

Hannibal had better hope he was not leading Will on.

Hannibal was not one to toy with the notion of making something *his* .

"Yes," Hannibal waited.

Will leaned his head back against Hannibal's shoulder, looking up at him.

"Okay."

Hannibal chuckled, laughed even, "Okay?" he shook his head and bit Will's shoulder. "Okay."

He spoke into the side of Will's neck, "I guess that makes Bedelia guest of honor at our engagement party."

The laugh that came out of Will's mouth was almost a giggle, but he pressed the noise into Hannibal's mouth instead, and then wrapped his arms around his middle, so Hannibal held him tightly in the warm water.

Hannibal couldn't help but grin, "Why, Mr Lecter to be, anyone would think you have become positively giddy?" he pulled back to study his face and run his hands down over his water-slick back and ass.

Will sighed, content, knowing they were going to leave here, go somewhere new, maybe settle somewhere secluded, have dogs...

"Starting over is reason enough to be giddy, isn't it?"

Hannibal raised a brow, "Starting over is what is making you giddy?" his tone dry.

"Starting over with /you/," he clarified, rolling his eyes a little, and pressed a kiss into Hannibal's lips, parting them easily.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?" Hannibal was quickly silenced by Will's easy kiss. He sank down in the bath under him, squeezing his ass hard, a small moan escaping his lips.

"I did, Doctor," he whispered, laughing when Hannibal did that, and pressed in against him.

"Such insolence must be punished." but before he could bring his slapping hand up Will was pushing down into him, "Wicked boy," he murmured against his neck.

Will pressed down again, rocking his hips. They didn't have much time left, but he did love the way Hannibal reacted to the tease. They'd grown comfortable in this, with each other.

"Very."

"Will..." Hannibal warned, breathless as his soul mate teased him without mercy. The /only/ one who could.

His hands gripped his ass and pulled him hard against him, kissing and biting his lips. He let their hips slide over one another in the oily water.

Will groaned, eyes half closed as he started to rut against Hannibal, cocks sliding and grinding together. He reached down and grasped them both,

"Will... God..." Hannibal's eyes rolled back and his neck arched, shoulders falling back. "You are... incorrigible."

Hannibal reached down and grasped their cocks along with Will's hand, Together they rutted and stroked, kissing and licking at each other's mouth. "You are beautiful, terribly beautiful. Horrid boy." this time he did spank him, hard.

Will bucked into their hands, kissing Hannibal feverishly. It'd be quick, but it'd be theirs. They had many more to come from this point on, they just had to get there.

A shade of pink rose over his chest and shoulders, up to his cheeks and ears as Hannibal *complimented* him.

That beautiful blush was half the reason Hannibal *did* compliment him, "My, terribly beautiful boy." Hannibal stroked with a firm and fast fist, gripping his ass and teasing his hole. He let his thumb slide over the slit and smear the pre-cum that beaded in the water.

"Cum for me." Hannibal ordered as he bit his neck, hard.

How on earth he was able to get it up again and *come* again, Will would never know, but Hannibal brought it out of him, rutting and grinding like a teenager all over again. He groaned a few huffs, and started to shaking, teeth gritted, nerves on fire.

Oh how Hannibal loved to be teased. Almost as much as he loved seizing control of Will's body and seeing it bend and tremble to his will.

Hannibal leaned up and growled lightly in his ear with a murderer's tongue, "Do as I tell you or I *will* punish you."

Hannibal stroked, thumb over swollen head and squeezing at the throbbing base in rhythmic tugs. His wide, powerful hand moved and cupped Will's ass and slowly pushed two fingers in and started to lightly brush his prostate.

"Soon, when I order you to come, you'll be coming for you husband," with that he kissed up tenderly into Will's soft mouth and bit his tongue.

Head dropping slightly, will felt the nerves fire in his body as if on command, hips undulating with much control. Every word Hannibal spoke was feeding the fire. Grinding back against fingers as they both worked fists around each other, Will gave into the flood of pleasure, the bite of blood on his tongue tugging him down.

Hannibal was somewhat older that Will and could not rise to the occasion so soon. He would save that for tonight, after their engagement feast. But seeing how the younger man came to pleasure so quickly and obediently pleased him just as much as climaxing himself.

Hannibal kissed his cheek and bit his ear, "I may punish you anyway."

He eased Will's pliant body back against his wide chest and washed him down with precise and thorough fingers. He was *caring* for him. Looking after what was /his/

"We will have to decide where to flee to and what kind of life we want to carve. Wherever we settled we will have to agree that at any moment we may need to burn it all and run." just as they had done this time with his veterinary clinic.

Will could tell that Hannibal was not quite ready to come as soon as he was, and that was /fine/. He turned and let Hannibal nestle him against his chest, washing him with thoroughly fingers, and relaxing into the touch, for once.

"How many times have you had to do this?"

Hannibal stroked his hands through Will's hair. He would learn in time that he could be just as tender as he could cruel.

"Propose? Oh, many. But I ate them all. I put Bluebeard to shame, really." his tone was cool but he was teasing. "Not many, three or four. But I have it down to an art. You will be safe. I promise."

Will let out a not so elegant snort, and tipped his head back to look at Hannibal, unaware his sense of humor ran so deep.

"Very coy," he murmured. "I can hold my own if we have to, but together we would do even better."

Hannibal kissed him lightly, "I have no doubt. Tell me, Will, is it that you don't like someone taking care of you, or that you are not used to it? You'll find it is something I indulge in, often. If that makes you uncomfortable, I won’t apologise."

Will hummed, letting blue rest on Hannibal's race for longer than he intended, but as taken as he was with his new fiancé he couldn't honestly help it. He stroked a an oily hand against Hannibal's thigh.

"Not used to it. Grew up with a dad who worked a lot, and no mother. Taking care of myself is second nature."

Hannibal gently lifted Will's hand and kissed it again, "Well, let me help you get used to it. It is my second nature to cherish and lavish the things I love."

Letting go of Will's hand he gently ran his hands down Will's chest and kissed his forehead. There were many more questions he wanted to ask about the past and his beginnings, but overcooked meat was a sin in the cannibal's book.

Will gave Hannibal a gentle smile, a little less guarded, as his barriers were coming down easily now around his soon to be husband. The thought almost made him laugh.

"Clearly..."

Hannibal gently bit Will's ring finger, "My definition of lavishing is just more refined than most." he raised an eyebrow at his fiance's new playfulness. Hannibal's own features lifted in a light smile.

"Come. Before we burn the meat." he tapped Will's shoulder.

Will took the hint, and slowly raised out of the water, grabbing one of the few towels, and wrapped it around himself before stepping out, and then offered the other towel to Hannibal, and helped out with one hand.

Hannibal wrapped a towel around his narrow waist and rubbed the other through his sandy, grey hair that was dark with water. He kissed Will once before going to the bedroom to dress in the best he could find for the night's feast. Neatly tailored, dark pants that accentuated his narrow waist and tight rear and a pale, cream shirt cut to perfection. The buttons /just/ straining over his broad chest.

He brushed his hair back considered himself once and then twice in the mirror before heading back to the kitchen where is was obvious that the roast was ready and Bedelia was /wide/ awake.

Will wasn't so lucky to find anything, and he begged to wonder how and why Bedelia had such things in her apartment, but really that was no one's business, and never would be again.

A sweater and a pair of slacks later, Will combed down his curls, to no avail at taming them, and followed Hannibal into the kitchen, studying Bedelia lightly.

Will walked into the kitchen as Hannibal was just taking out to rest. He set the tray down and walked over to Will, brushing the curls back, “Beautiful fiance,” and kissed him lightly on the forehead, squeezing his hand.

Hannibal went to check on Bedelia’s fluids and pain relief. She slowly turned her head to him, “Is it often your victims get to be the pleasure of being their last meal?” her tone cool and slightly drowsy.

Will smiled a little at the kiss, and watched Bedelia carefully, and Hannibal.

"Often," he said, and quietly, true or not, it would possibly set her off.

She slowly turned her head towards Will, "And how long have you been indulging in such /carnal/ delights, Will? How long can you /possibly/ believe you will be able to avoid laying out for your own feast? A man of such rustic and broken origins such as yourself will /never/ hold the attention of a man such as Hannibal - psychopath or no." She spat.

Bedelia righted herself in the chair with an awkward sense of failed dignity. Her head was still rolling on her shoulders and her eyes, slightly unfocused from the medication.

Hannibal bent down beside her, whispering against her ear but looking at Will, "How very /rude/ Bedelia. It seems you need to be taught some manners?" he raised an eyebrow at Will, curious to see how far he would take this with him.

Will bent over Bedelia as she spoke, hands in his pockets as he glared at her, hardened and enraged that she thought so very fucking little of him. Clearly Hannibal saw all she did not and never could.

"What's broken can be mended with the right glue," he said, whispered thing into her ear. "Unfortunately for you, there is no glue to mend what we've taken from you, and will take even still."

Hannibal leaned up and kissed Will's head, "No glue needed. Nothing I see is broken. Well, except," he looked back down at Bedelia.

"You are so very fond of hearing yourself talk, yet you have /nothing/ worthy to say. But it is very clear," Hannibal moved to within kissing distance, "that you have very good taste. Have you ever, considered tasting your own lips?"

The drugs Bedelia was on left her highly prone to suggestion. Hannibal moved back and wrapped an arm around Will's middle, leaning his head on damp, dark, curls and watched as Bedelia ate her words.

Will looked at Hannibal and then Bedelia, palming the knife in his pocket, wondering if he could take her lips without much noise on her part, and feed them to her raw.

The thought was glorifying and dizzying at once.

Hannibal wasn't one to order or do much more than plant ideas. He arched an eyebrow at Will, and smiled.

It was inhumane, but really all they had been doing was just as much so. He pulled the small knife from his pocket and flicked it open, leering at Bedelia as he stood over her, and then straddled her to get close enough and to hold her /down/.

"I wonder how well you'll eat yourself once your lips are gone?"

Bedelia turned her head away and pulled back, "Will, please. This, this isn't you." she was trembling now as he sat on her. "It's barbaric. If you *must* kill me, at least make it humane! There /must/ be something compassionate left in you."

Her wide blue eyes closed as fat tears ran down her cheeks. She struggled in her ropes but they just pulled tighter, as Hannibal had warned.

Hannibal stood nearby, "Atta boy."

Will looked over his shoulder at Hannibal, and then tugged Bedelia's hair with one fist, pulling her to look at him, his sea blue eyes unwavering, no compassion left for her.

"We've run our course, Bedelia. Leaving you in tact assures who ever comes after us that we are only human. A message has to be made."

"You'll be a living work of art. Will here has the hands of an artist. Consider it a gift to be his canvas." Hannibal moved around the table to watch more closely.

She let out a small scream as she was tugged back around. Will's eyes were ice cold, cruel, even. She tried to pull away but there was no give in his grasp. "Please," she whispered. "Anything, Will, anything."

"I'll keep listening to you beg as I cut off your flesh," Will said, slicing into the pink round of his bottom lip,along the line of which she would use lip liner, and cut until fully traced, and then did it again, deeper, he wanted perfect little pieces.

The screaming was beautiful. Hannibal leaned over, "Such the craftsman. Those hands... positively and artfully wicked." Hannibal drank in the vision of his lover working.

Bedelia cried and made strained strangled noises as he cut. Any movement just made it /worse/ As she looked up she couldn't believe Will was /enjoying/ this.

Will had dealt with Bedelia for years, as his therapist to keep out of jail, and he knew that if she really wanted to help him, she could have, and didn't. It was no life for him to constantly be trying to stay under the radar and out of jail. Hannibal offered him peace, a chance to burn this down and /run/.

Will needed a good run.

He let go of her hair to cut deeper and remove her lips, slicing just under them by her teeth.

Bedelia's face was wet with tears and her eyes rimmed red. She smiled a lipless, toothy, grotesque, bloody grin at him as she screamed a gurgling insult. But her mind was blind with pain.

"Perfect. No one will dare risk speaking ill of you, or about us again, dear boy." Hannibal brushed Will's back and kissed his head. "Shall I prepare her lips as light starters while the roast cools. I believe I have just the recipe, even one Bedelia can swallow."

Hannibal removed the plate of slivered lips without asking and strode back into the kitchen. "I am curious Will, how did it make you feel?" he nodded to Bedelia and back at his bloodied knife. Hannibal proceeded to slice up a small bunch of lemons.

Will dismounted from Bedelia, leaving her sobbing and gurgling in her own blood, and followed after Hannibal, blue eyes watching him. He rinsed his blade in the sink and put it back into his pocket.

"Powerful."

Hannibal laid out strips of fresh lip in a small plate of lemon juice with a splash of salt, vinegar and basil and waited, watching the /meat/ carefully.

"That is because you are. Sometimes we just need to see our own reflection clearly to understand that about ourselves. Had Bedelia done her job right, she would have helped you see."

Hannibal passed Will his wine back, "This was an excellent choice of hide out, Will." Hannibal smiled over his glass, feeling powerful in himself.

Will merely nodded his head, just a little, and watched Hannibal with the lips, the slices of fresh skin from a woman still in agony in the other room. Had Bedelia done her job, she

would have never ended up in this situation. Hell, Will might not even be here.

Maybe he should thank her. Maybe he would yet.

"It's been essential, but slowly coming to a close if she keeps up the screaming."

Hannibal looked over at the roast, trimmings and all with a sigh, "It is true, the screaming does get a bit dull after a while."

Looking back at Will, "I could subdue her or, would you prefer the more permanent solution." both options had their appeal.

"She hasn't had dinner yet," Will quipped, but pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, to go and stuff into her mouth to quiet her for the time being.

Hannibal could have subdued her with more medication but he liked Will's solution better. He simply nodded and laid out the lightly acid seared lips on white platter with avocado slices.

They would be smooth enough for Bedelia to swallow and by all accounts, delicious.

Hannibal walked in and set the dish down and looked towards Will, "Shall I do the honors, or you?" he held up a small serving fork.

He'd gagged her for long enough time that it soaked the blood up from her now gone lips, and gave her a moment to soak in the sight of her flesh on a plate, cooked in acidic matter.

"I had the pleasure of cutting them off," Will said, and moved to let Hannibal feed them to Bedelia, removing her gag.

Hannibal pulled up a chair next to Bedelia and had a better idea. He leaned down and freed one of her arms. It was alabaster pale and marked red with rope burn.

Hannibal handed her the fork with a slight nod of the head and a smile, a flash of warning in his gaze.

Bedelia looked at Will and back at Hannibal before taking the fork and shakily lifting a piece of her own lip to her mouth. She very quickly swallowed it with a gag and a slight scream. The lemon, salt and vinegar all stinging against the gore of her mouth.

"Slowly this time, savour the taste, my dear. You are a delicacy, after all."

Hannibal picked up a fresh fork and held a piece up for Will to take and taste, ignoring Bedelia's gagging and groans.

Will gave Hannibal a look, this was of course his first known human meal, though he was sure he'd had more at Hannibal's house on the bluff, he wasn't so sure he was ready to dig into it in such a /raw/ state.

However, there was no rest for the wicked, and having Hannibal question him was not in the question. He took the fork and cut a piece of her lip and let it slide onto his tongue, to savor, and then down his throat.

Hannibal grinned with pride as Will took his first bite. He was all too aware that Will was falling further down the rabbit hole with him. But, even though this was human flesh Hannibal did not consider it cannibalism because, quite simply, Bedelia was far from his equal.

Hannibal also knew he never prepared any food that was short of astounding in flavor - human or not. He urged Bedelia to have more as he took a bite himself, sipping wine along with it. "How does revenge taste, Will?"

Speaking casually Hannibal raised an eyebrow at Bedelia, "You should consider yourself quite honored, Bedelia. You are helping us celebrate our engagement tonight." he looked over at his fiance.

Meanwhile Bedelia's hand hovered with a fork near her lips, eyes wide in both horror and disbelief. Her mind reeling with the ghastliness and absurdity of it all.

"Delicious," Will murmured, watching Bedelia carefully, though he couldn't see the fork she had in her hand, she did seem quite a bit more aware than she had been before.

Pain would do that.

Hannibal slid down a few more pieces of /revenge/ whilst continuing to chat casually. "That is the beautiful thing about emotion, it flavors the meat. If they die afraid, bitter. If they die happy, light and tangy." Hannibal let his gaze hover on Will for those last few words.

"Unfortunately for you Bedelia, I think a roast will be beyond your... digestive capabilities." Hannibal started to clear away the dishes and looked up at Will, "But we dare not waste the food so we shall endeavour to get something down your throat."

It wasn't long before Hannibal had the roast laid out and carved, and sides and salads prepared. Far too much food for three, but that was beside the point in this case.

The table was now laid out like a Medieval feast, perfect for the romantic celebratory tone of the evening.

Hannibal disappeared briefly to return with champagne. He poured three chilled flutes and looked slightly annoyed as he gazed over the table.

"Hannibal?"

Will questioned as he watched the other man's face grow irked at the table setting, as though something was missing. He stood to survey the situation, leaning close to Hannibal, arms folded.

"What's wrong?"

Hannibal stared at the /perfect/ setting and the *perfect* food and the /perfect/ company. "You deserved a ring, at least. I feel I have done you a disservice with my spontaneity." he rubbed the pad of his thumb along his lips, arms loosely folded.

So it was not the table setting itself, but a lack of necessities in their engagement.

"You hardly thought you'd be romantic and on the run. I'll be more than happy without a ring."

Hannibal liked to think himself capable of providing under any circumstance.

He leaned down and passed some champagne to Will and toasted him, "You will have a ring." he took a small sip and closed his eyes, it stung how perfect the champagne was,

"We will need to organize new documents, marry and then, quite possibly leave the country," Hannibal moved and snaked an arm around Will's middle as Bedelia started to sway in her chair, shock wearing off and pain taking over. "A honeymoon on the run," he grinned, "Is there anywhere you dreamed of seeing, mylimasis?"

Will let go of a deep sigh as Hannibal's arms fit around him perfectly, and then leaned into him, tasting the sharp champagne.

"Anywhere but here, Hannibal. We've overstayed our welcome."

Where Will was easy going Hannibal was particular, "You have the features of a Botticelli study, Italy is the only option. Florence perhaps?" he spoke the question against the nape of Will's neck in the hope of drawing out agreement. The faster he could take Will away from all of this, the better.

Will belonged in the world's most beautiful city, surrounded by the world's most beautiful art and most beautiful countryside. Although, he suspected the younger man may be overwhelmed at first, they were both creatures who thrived on adapting.

"I know no Italian," he chuckled, but did not disagree, only leaned in more for Hannibal's touches, his kisses, and affection. Will felt lucky to /know/ these at all, as most would only feel the sting of his wrath.

Hannibal kept Will close, holding his champagne in one hand as he bit down the younger man's jaw, "That rude mouth of yours will be kept far too occupied for learning a new language."

"Only crude to you then," he said, sipping his drink as Hannibal's teeth tease his skin, sparking that desire in him once more.

No time. Not yet. They dinner and Bedelia to deal with first.

"Hmn indeed, all your crudeness is now mine." Hannibal briefly gripped Will's neck and stole a long, soft champagne tinged kiss before guiding him to sit. He pushed in Will's chair behind him and smiled before starting to serve.

Once the dishes were laid out and ready to eat Hannibal turned to Bedelia, "It would be rude of you not to join in the celebrations," he nodded to her plate of impossible food.

He smiled once at Will before slowly raising the first slice of meat to his lips and slowly devouring it, lips and tongue sliding over silver.

Bedelia also raised a slice of her own leg to her lips, tears streaming down her face and whole body shaking. "Come now dear, you might get a taste for it." Hannibal spoke without looking at her. HIs only focus Will's lips.

Will sat, watching first Hannibal and then Bedelia, careful for reactions and distaste alike. When she seemed horrified enough, he sliced a bit for himself and put it on his tongue to let it sit, and take in the flavor.

Hannibal stayed focused on Will and the way he slowly slid the meat over his lips and tongue. Hannibal canted his head with both curiosity and a flare of desire as he himself slowly ate more meat.

Every meal with Hannibal was an event of perfectly balanced cruelty and sensuality.

Their silent exchange was only interrupted as Bedelia started to choke and splutter on a piece of meat trapped in her throat. Her face slowly turned purple as Hannibal leapt into action, bending her forward and delivering a curt whack between her brittle shoulder blades.

Once she was breathing again, blood and spittle foaming around her mouth, Hannibal resumed his seat, "Far be it from me to interrupt suffering or deliver anything but an elegant death to the deserved. Unless..." Hannibal dipped his head towards Will wondering if he wanted to deliver the killing blow to Bedelia.

Will merely put more meat past his lips and onto his tongue when Bedelia choked. He watched, and watched, and when she started to turn purple and Hannibal *helped* her, Will merely raised his brow at Hannibal.

She deserved suffering, not a final blow that would finally out her out of her misery.

"Unless?"

As Hannibal saw it, he was extending her suffering. Choking would have been a relief for her in her current context.

He continued to eat and then speak in a matter of fact tone, "Unless you would like to do the honours, Will. She was your psychiatrist, after-all."

"Should I be do quick to consider murdering all the *doctors* in my life?" he asked, another petite piece put into his mouth as he chewed, gauging Hannibal and their situation. He had every intention of killing her, as soon as they were done with their dinner. She deserved to watch him be happy for once while her life was on the brink of being over.

Without missing a beat Hannibal countered, "Absolutely." He took another slow bite and long sip of champagne, letting his lips linger on the silver and glass. He let his tongue swipe away the stray liquid from his cruel pout, "if find that kind of thing... arousing." He finally looked up and caught Will's sea-blue eyes, a smirk tugging at his lips.

"Tempting..." Will murmured, watching Hannibal eat and sip his drink was arousing enough, the thought of murdering and maiming him was even more so.

Of course, it would never come to *that* .

“Provoking..." Hannibal's gaze darkened and stayed locked on Will. He had considered murdering and maiming Will plenty of times and found it more than *stimulating* And whilst he had no plans for it to go that way... the possibility always hung between there, like Damocles Sword, which made the dance between them all the more thrilling.

The idea that they may just love one another to death.

Will hummed around another bite of food, watching just Hannibal, only so aware of the way Bedelia was swaying, looking a little green under the gills. Honestly, he could care less.

"I say we bleed her out, slowly."

Hannibal licked his lips and nodded, enjoying Will's choice.

Bedelia started to make wet, pleading noises at that point, wriggling to get free. But the knots pulled tighter with each motion until she came to sitting still again, tears flooding down her face.

"It's a shame we won't be able to make use of all of the meat in that case. It will be very tender after being prepared in such a *delicate* manner."

"We stay and eat her, or we leave soon and escape possibly being caught," Will said with a cant of his head, and sipped on his drink, a glance over at the gurgling woman.

Hannibal took another bite and spoke with finality, "I won't risk you getting caught." not now that he had just found him. A lifetime together barely seemed enough.

He set his utensils down, "We kill her, organize our papers and nuptials and be in Florence by the end of the week." Hannibal rests his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands as he considered the weeping woman with no more interest than he would consider a speck of dust.

Will picked up his knife, and considered Bedelia with predatory eyes.

"Where do I cut?" he asked, flicking blue eyes to Hannibal as he stood, and rounded the woman, standing behind her.

Hannibal's gaze followed Will carefully and with growing heat, "Gut, slow and painful."

Will gently set Bedelia toward the edge of the chair and slid in behind her, to hold her against his back, almost intimately, though the look on his face was anything but. His blue eyes seemed to darken as he took the knife from the table, crude for this sort of thing, but it hardly mattered. He rested his chin on her shoulder and slid her beautiful dress open at the waist, where he then slid the knife in, watching every inch he sunk it in, and /sawed/ across, blood pouring and seeping out of her.

Bedelia tried to struggle away from Will and scream out but it was all in vain. Her eyes flew wide and her body jerked as the knife went in. Strangled, feral sounds crawled up her throat as he cut and the blood started to flow. As if a rabbit caught in the headlights, she was limp in Will's arms by the end of it, having surrendered to her fate and just waiting to bleed out. She was breathing hard through her nose as her glacial gaze stared at him, accusingly. As if she were trying to bore guilt into his soul while he all but nuzzled and cuddled her as she died.

It wasn't too long before she started to sway and her body spasm against Will's hold, but she was still aware enough for terror to sweat through her perfect pores.

Hannibal watched the show with keen interest but didn't move. His dark gaze went from something warm to flaming. He stood, set down the napkin and moved to lean in and kiss Will passionately, over Bedelia's shoulder, as she died between them. "Perfect," he murmured against Will's pink lips, not even caring about the blood spilling on his shoes.

He blood oozed all over his hands where he held her, and her body was limp and heaving as Hannibal kissed him, one hand coming up to touch his pristine face, smearing blood over his fine, arched cheekbones. Killing felt righteous and /good/. He couldn't get enough of it now enough the fear and pain that came before it, and the lasting effect of finally feeling someone's last breaths against his chest.

Bedelia had had her chance to help him, to reform him, but she never had, she kept him strung along to get paid.

She got her pay all right.

Hannibal leaned into the bloodied touch and kissed with increasing hunger that was swelling into a heated frenzy. He groaned as he split Will's lips apart and flicked over his tongue, Bedelia's corpse flopping between them. Death was in the air and blood was still running as the heat of passion started to take over their mind and flesh.

After a moment Hannibal pulled back to help Will to his feet and to look over his lover's face, "See? This is all I ever wanted for you, Will. For both of us." he cradled the back of Will's head having smeared blood down his hard, stubbled jaw and into his thick, brown hair and kissed him again well aware Will had not dropped the knife.

It was everything, it was perfect, and it was...

"It's beautiful," he murmured, quietly, watching Hannibal's perfectly dark eyes, his mouth, his bloody lips... The knife shook in his hands, and he knew he could end all this now and run off alone, or he could be *happy* for once.

He dropped the knife, with a clank, on a plate.

Hannibal didn't even pause smile or acknowledge the dropped knife, he fell back on to the chair behind him with a thud, the chair rocking as he pulled Will on to his lap.

As Will straddled him, Hannibal bit and licked at the cavern of his mouth. His bloody hands snaked up his thighs and under his shirt and scratched and glanced over his hip bones leaving a crimson trail as he did.

Will crawled over Hannibal's lap, undoing his shirt slowly with nimble, bloody fingers, wanting to touch skin, wanting to be as close as they could be after all they had done, after their /meal/.

Hannibal groaned as he ripped and tugged at Will's shirt, stripping him just the same. Running a possessive palm down his spine he leaned in and licked over and sucked a peaked nipple, his tongue circling tender flesh as he started to rut.

Nothing seemed to be more erotic than murder and dinner, combined together, two in one, just the same. Will found it a palpable foreplay for their bedroom activities, though he was sure they'd never make it there again.

He undressed Hannibal's torso quickly, discarding his own shirt to the bloody floor at their feet, as the dripping blood of Bedelia near them sounded between their panted breaths.

The sound and scent of murder mixed with fine food and the weight of Will grinding on him was more than perfect. Their bodies writhed together as they worked to become one.

Hannibal kissed down Will's shoulder as he toed off his shoes, his feet finding the tacky blood there.

Long fingers slid down Will's abdomen and quickly opened and pushed down inside his pants to curl around his hard shaft. His breath hitched and heartbeat spiked as he dragged open mouthed kisses along the younger man's collarbone until sharp cannibal teeth bit down on the there.

Will undid Hannibal's slacks, and stood to take his own off, and then get Hannibal out of his, taking the moment to move them, pressing Hannibal up against the table until his ass met polished wood. He moved himself between Hannibal's thighs, kissing him once more, harder, tongue and teeth biting and sucking as he curled his hand over Hannibal's cock, mind numbingly slow.

Hannibal watched with a covetous gaze as Will unveild himself before him - all long, powerful limbs, caramel skin stretched over lithe muscle.

Hannibal let himself be moved to where Will wanted him - hard against the table. He stroked down Will's face tenderly as he was spread and devoured.

But as Will's hand curled around his cock with agonising grace he let out a rumbling moan, his own fingers digging in deep to Will's angular hips. But whatever desirous sounds he let loose Will stole with a wet and greedy mouth.

The younger of them pressed his hands against Hannibal's scarred up heart, and then crawled over him on the table, bringing Hannibal's legs with him, to his chest, spread wide as he rutted against his cleft. He kissed Hannibal into the elegant wood, bloody handprints all over his perfect skin.

Hannibal fell back with a gentle thud on the hardwood, heavy shoulder blades catching first with a pinch. Then Will was on him, climbing and positioning to take something no-one had taken before. His hands gripped the wood tight, knuckles bent and white, forearms flexed.

"Will..." he breathed out as his expansive chest heaved with anticipatory breaths. His heart thundering in his rib cage like it might burst free at any moment.

He reached up and ran a firm hand through dark curls. He tugged slightly as Will's rough hands spread his heavy thighs and exposed his virgin hole. But Will's tender kisses and the vibrant strokes of blood being painted between them eased the moment as Will bared down on him, preparing to take his ring.

Will grabbed for the oil in the table that had been spread onto a dish to dip bread in, and lathered his fingers in it, coating them, and then pressed them into Hannibal, slowly, working his tense entrance open for him.

"Hannibal-" he gasped, feeling his heated softness inside, wanting to plunge right in, but didn't want to wreck him either.

"How utterly debauched of you, William." Hannibal murmured as the oil was massaged into him with sturdy, dexterous fingers. Hannibal was /utterly/ delighted at being /oiled/ up for this feast.

He was tense at first with his knees to his chest and thighs wide. His long arms gripped the edge of the table by his hips so all his hard planes of muscle were flexed and curved forward.

But as Will took the care to ease him open Hannibal closed his eyes and leaned back, rolling his hips up and presenting himself to Will for ease of access. "Dear boy..." he whispered as he gaze up into wolf-blue eyes.

What started as an unusual burning pain became a pleasurable throb that woke something hot and aching in his core. He started to rock in gentle motions as he licked his lips - hungry, greedy even for his fiancee's cock.

Spread and oiled, Will crooked his fingers into Hannibal's ass, adding another as he worked him open and tongued at his nipple with a dark glance up at his fiance.

Sliding his fingers out, he oiled himself up and slid his cock right into Hannibal, no time to let him refuse. He bent over the older man, estranged curls flopping down into his eyes as he began his assault of thrusts into Hannibal.

Hannibal arched up off the table as he entered him like that, hips canting and shoulders pinching. He let out a low groan as he was filled completely, strong fingers running through dark curls.

He rolled his hips and found a rhythm, his body sliding against hard wood beneath, "I take it the ring fits, Will?" he managed to murmur against soft but demanding lips.

"Perfectly," Will groaned, head dropped a little, gazing into Hannibal's eyes as hips met, over and over again, sliding and grinding, slick skin slapping.

Hannibal smiled and tipped his head to look at up his fiance as he was thrust into and filled *perfectly* .

Rocking back and forth a quick heat began to pool in thighs and back, his hands gripping hard onto Will's hips to hit *that spot* .

Will leaned on his forearms, just beside Hannibal's head, and started to thrust harder into him, losing himself to a perfect rhythm, over and over again, panting and throbbing.

Hannibal pressed his feet down on the table and lifted his hips higher, rolling his ass as Will's cock slid deep inside him. The expert thrusts delivered a strange but delightfully erotic sensation that woke new channels of pleasure that all pooled like searing lava in his spine.

Just as desire pricked his skin with electrifying goosebumps, sweat glistened across his brow as his sandy, grey hair stuck there.

But as much as he was being intoxicated and even sent mad with bliss, Hannibal merely turned his head towards Will, a warm smile tugging at his full lips. He blinked slowly and

heaved in deep breaths as his virgin hole was abused and claimed by his dark-haloed fiance.

Hannibal threaded both his powerful hands through that dark halo and tugged Will in for a languid kiss - the perfect contrast to the frenzied assault below.

Will was lost in his frenzy to claim, sure it would be his one chance, and when Hannibal kissed him, he slowed his hips, thrusting slowly in time with it. Everything slowed around them, and Will could feel *every* bit of the inside of Hannibal the slower he want.

"Hannibal-" he groaned, biting at his bottom lip, a soft nip.

Hannibal slowed the pace to drink in every detail - to store it for an eternity in his memory palace of rare and beautiful things. He dragged an open mouth kiss up Will's jaw as he heard his name like *that* .

This was far from Will's last time to claim Hannibal's ass, not when it felt like this and he looked like that. But quite simply, it was not something easily given up. Everything was a power play - even pleasure.

Hannibal could feel the swollen tip of Will gliding up inside him, flicking and brushing over every nerve and ridge. It sent sparks of erotic fire up his spine that left him shivering. His hands fisted tighter in Will's curls, "Will..." he breathed like a prayer as his husband-to-be took him.

Tight fists in his hair, Will was spurred on again, harder and faster, tipping Hannibal's hips back to take him all the way in, pinning his prostrate with his cock with every thrust. Panting, Will started to feel the heat rise in his spine, a bliss heat taking over his body.

Hannibal arched and groaned again as Will slammed into him with renewed violence. Tongue pressed tight against his teeth and jaw grinding Hannibal closed his eyes and felt the hot pool of desire in his core spill out with the thunderous, tearing bliss of a blinding white orgasm.

Hannibal clenched around his cock and Will rolled his hips faster, down into his fiance's hot, tight ass, and gasped as he came, hard and blinding with him.

Panting, he leaned over Hannibal, and nuzzled his jaw.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, cradling him against his brawny chest as he stroked his hair, "Quite the fitting dessert." he murmured as he kissed his head.

"It's perfect," he sighed, content to stay like this for a bit longer, but the phone rang in the other room, ringing out loudly through the house.

The machine picked it up, and Will felt himself hold his breath as he listened to Bedelia's message he was so used to getting when /he/ called.

"... There's been calls coming in that there is screaming coming from your house. We'll be coming by if we don't hear back from you in an hour or so..."

Hannibal stayed focused on Will, brushing curls out of his eyes, not in any particular hurry. "Just gather what you need. Meet me out the back in a few minutes. I have somewhere we can go while we sort our papers out."

He picked up Will's hand and kissed it once, again, in no particular rush.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> Not beta'd, or edited really. Last chapter and since my co-author left, I figured I'd just post it to finish the story up! Enjoy, either way!

Most of their stuff was in the car still, they had only brought in a few things. Will kissed Hannibal fully on the mouth, and slid out of him, and stepped on the bloody floor carefully.

There was no way of *not* leaving evidence behind at this rate.

"Papers to leave the country, I hope..."

Hannibal smiled as he was kissed and waited until he heard the click of the door.

Sliding his clothes back on and pulling on his shoes, Hannibal went to the garage and found what gasoline was there and covered the house, and Bedelia's body before walking out the door and tossing a match behind.

He was quick to jump in the car at that point and get them away at speed, heading down the backroads and back into town.

Dressed, he watched Hannibal with a pack over his shoulder, and left, into the car, and waited. The house went up in flames, and his brows rose into his hairline as he watched the flames start to lick the sky. He said nothing to Hannibal when he got in, and still nothing else as they drove.

Fire was always the quickest clean up. They had left enough /forensic/ evidence all over the house it wasn't worth the risk just to send a message.

Hannibal pressed a strong hand to Will's thigh, reassuring him as they broached the city limits. It was late and the windows of the looming skyscrapers blinked like white, unseeing eyes. The winding streets were slick from the light rain that drifted down over glowing traffic lights.

Pulling into a small, grimy alley Hannibal stopped the car and indicated for Will to wait as he walked down a small flight of steps and knocked on an old, moldy wooden door. He had a quiet conversation with a bespectacled man before waving Will over.

"It's not much but we have a room for the night and we should have papers by the morning. I have mine," Hannibal patted his pocket, "but we needed to get you a new name and passport. I hope you don't mind, I have made them a matching pair." his eyes crinkle with joy as he smiles down at his fiance.

"Matching pair?" he asked, a smile lighting his eyes even if it's not yet on his lips, but only Hannibal ever gets him to look this way. "What's my new name?"

Hannibal has his hands clasped behind his back and is focused on the man working in front of them, seated at a small table with low table lamp. He turns his head briefly towards Will and smiles, "William Fell."

"Mister and Mister Fell?" Will asked, grinning now as he leaned his shoulder against Hannibal's, watching the man work.

Hannibal wrapped a firm arm around Will and nodded, his head turned just to the side with a smile lighting his features.

As they left the man work, Hannibal guided them down a narrow and dark hallways until they found a small, windowless bedroom, last door on the right. It was dark but clean enough to survive one night - at least by Hannibal's standards. Although there wasn't much more room in there for a bed and a small dresser.

"This seems drastic even for you," Will said as they walked into the small room, poorly lit but clean enough. Will had stayed in much worse.

Hannibal chuckled as he slowly peeled off his clothes and folded them over the end of the bed, "Survival is all about adaptation. It is one night out of many. Italy will be nothing but gluttony of luxuries. Plus, no one will think to look for /me/ here." he teased.

"We move on tomorrow after we pick up a few supplies. We will have papers and plane tickets by the morning. Our man knows his stuff. One of the rare few I trust."

Hannibal climbed into bed and threw back the sheets for Will.

Will slipped out of his clothes and did the same, just in his boxers, he crawled into bed with his fiance, and curled up beside, a luxury he had grown accustom to the last month or so.

"I don't know if it'll be you they're looking for."

The fire was the ripper's trademark. Hannibal had outed himself to save Will, "Hm," he kissed Will's head and pulled his head down onto his chest, holding him there as he turned out the light.

"Either way, tomorrow we start life as Mr and Mr Fell, far, far away from here. I promise."

"I'm holding you to it."

Will had not yet placed Hannibal as the Ripper, though with everything they'd done, things were starting to fall into place. Who better for a man of his past to fall in love with, if not a serial murderer.

Hannibal just ran a lazy hand over Will's cheek. Will would always be safe with him.

He pulled up the covers and wrapped them in tight until the bustling sounds of the city finally woke them, despite the fact the room was still black. "Mr Fell." Hannibal murmured on the back of Will's warm, pliant neck.

Will hummed a response, shifting back into Hannibal. Morning had come and he wasn't quite awake yet, and the room was dark enough he'd just keep sleeping.

"Hm?"

Hannibal basked in the sensation of Will curling into his embrace, "It is morning," but he makes no move to get up. He places another gentle kiss on the back of Will's neck, inhaling deeply. Long fingers snake over Will's middle, gently scratching the warm, tender skin there.

Morning. And they have a long day ahead of them. Will stretched and turned, bumping noses with Hannibal, sighing contently. It was warm here, cold out there, but they had a lot to do.

"You make a compelling argument for staying in bed, even though we can't. Not today, sadly." he runs a palm down Will's back and kisses him once, heatedly before sliding away to get dressed.

There would be plenty of days ahead, Will knew this, so he allowed himself to let Hannibal side away, and then gets out of bed after him, to dress.

"I expect sleeping in when we get to Florence."

Hannibal looked over his shoulder as he did up his tie, "You expect there will be any sleeping at all." he shot back warmly before sliding on his shoes and opening the door for Will.

Hannibal kept a keen eye down the hall, just in case.

Everything seemed to go so smoothly considering, and Will wasn't stupid enough to consider that someone would come looking for them. The job he'd messed up on when he met Hannibal was one that was still looming over him, and now that they were in plain sight until they left the country, Will couldn't help but feel as though he constantly had a target on his back.

He did smile at Hannibal, though, as they dressed and grabbed their things again. "I expect to be thoroughly exhausted then."

"Thoroughly," Hannibal smiled as he took Will's arm and walked down the hall.

They had a small conversation with the man from the night before. Papers were exchanged as was a small wad of cash. The balding man seemed somewhat terrified of Hannibal was sighed in relief as they said their goodbyes.

As they stepped out into the street, Hannibal tugged on his gloves preparing to do some *shopping* for supplies. "You're thoughts seem heavy with worry, Mr Fell." he says gently as they start to walk down the cobblestone alley.

Will watched the exchange quietly, more and more pieces falling together, and it was becoming clearer than Hannibal might just be as horrible as Will himself. Of course, he knew that, they'd just tortured a woman, ate her, and killed her.

Awful and yet pleasing.

Tufts of curls fell into Will's eyes as he shook his head, taking Hannibal's hand, his new papers in the pocket of his jacket. "A lot on my mind, it's quite an adventure the last few days."

Hannibal kept his chin high as they walked out onto the main street and towards the city square. He was aware Will was holding back - something was eating at him. "I dare say the adventure is just beginning. Now, tell me, gold or silver?"

Hannibal lifts up Will's hand in his own, "I would guess silver." he looked down at him as he walked, boots clicking against stone.

"Compromise. White gold," he said, that itch at the back of his mind was growing stronger and he didn't like it at all. Not one bit.

Two men followed suit behind them as they walked, gliding into the stream of people from an alley.

Hannibal smiled and kissed his hand, "White gold. Perfect."

Hannibal was not unaware of the men following and that is why he chose the town square: more people, less chance to lash out and hurt them without being seen.

"Do you still have your knife on you, Will?" Hannibal asked casually as he looked up at the sky.

"Yes," he said, aware of the weight of it on his thigh in his pocket, it wasn't much of a knife compared to two people, but if they had to be drastic, it would do.

Hannibal nodded to indicate now might be a wise time to take the blade in hand, just in case. Hannibal was not armed but did not need to be, he would use whatever the attackers had on them against them.

With an arm firmly around Will's shoulders they headed across the street for the town square. The men followed.

As they waded through the crowds and spent some time it was clear the attackers were not giving up so easily. He needed to deal with this problem if they were going to leave the country tonight.

"Alley way. You take one, I take the other." Hannibal nodded towards a nearby alley across from the Town Square. "Do you recognize them at all, Will?" they started across the street.

Will managed a glance behind him, made to look like he was checking the streets before they crossed over to the alley way. Oh, he definitely knew them.

"Verger men," he murmured, the past before Hannibal had just slapped him in the face. "My last... hit before I found you."

Hannibal nodded, "I know the name." He flexed his hands but showed no other signs of preparation for attack. "He will want to take us alive." Hannibal murmurs as he lets go of Will.

Once in the alley he motions for Will to stand behind him as they wait for the men to round the corner. Hannibal stands in front as he is the surprise element in this game.

Will had his knife in hand, and ready, looking over the men he remembered /running/ from that night when he messed up the Verger case. These weren't the Dragon's men, no these were Mason's, which meant Mason lived.

A light thunk from behind them made Will turn his head just in time to be knocked across the face with a quick punch and then grabbed, a bag over his head. He kicked, one foot against the wall, trying to bash the man who grabbed him against the other side.

Hannibal heard the noise and knew it was a distraction. As the men rounded the corner he took one out with a quick twist and snap of the neck but then he heard the scuffle.

"Will!" Hannibal turned and launched for him, driving off one of the attackers with a rough punch. The other man came up behind him and they wrestled to the ground. But in one quick second, everything froze - the click of a gun and the heavy barrel of metal was pushed against Hannibal's head. He had no option but to stop and raise his hands.

Will heard the gun click,and stop struggling, he couldn't see worth a damn, but he was panting under the bag over his head, and just when he thought he was going to get it taken off, everything went black.

Will came to some time later, he wasn't sure how long, but the light was now glaring into his eyes as a loud metal clanging roaring through his ears, a metal door was being rolled up. He

squinted, watching as shadowed figures approached, upside, and that was when he realized it wasn't them, it was him.

Once the guns were drawn, everything stopped. Neither Hannibal or Will were going to risk the others life. But in that short moment they were both knocked out only to come to, beaten to a pulp and hanging upside down.

He looked over at Will to ensure he was still alive and then back at the captors. He was still blinded by the blaring white light behind them but one of their voices rang out clear enough. It was high pitched and almost manic, "Ah, two prize pigs. What a catch, watch a catch."

Mason Verger approached knife in hand at he looked down at Will, "Do you know how we test for prize pigs, Will?"

Panic bloomed in Will's stomach, but he didn't let it show as he slowly let his gaze focus on the man in the wheelchair, disfigured far more than he ever remembered leaving him before. Then again, Mason was a mess flesh and blood when he bolted so he wouldn't be caught by his men.

"I have a feeling I'm about to find out," he managed to murmured, swallowing.

"Always so witty. Don't you think Mister....?" he turns to Hannibal. "Now this, this is a prize pig." he taps the knife on his thigh.

"Hannibal, Doctor Hannibal Lecter." better to give real names here than reveal false identities.

"Well, Doctor Lecter, let's see what kind of *pig* you are." Mason can see how Will reacts as the knife plunges in, there is a connection here. "Oh yes, nice and lean. Strapping muscle." he shoves the knife in again and again, cutting a slice along the back. "You've caught yourself a real nice prized pig, William. Shame you won't get to enjoy him, or, at least not in the way you were hoping I am sure!" he claps his hands with excitement.

Hannibal doesn't move, just watches with a bemused smile to know he is a prize pig.

"But seems to me that you could both do with some fattening up. Perhaps... a dinner party! We all love parties, yes! Boys!" he waves a leather gloved hand at the men to bring Will and Hannibal in.

In the background there are some other people, a woman, neither of the men can make out, who watch the whole parade in stoic silence.

Will's eyes meet Hannibal as Mason started to cut into him, one slice at a time, letting him bleed, though hardly enough to kill him. Knowing Mason, he'll have him sewn back up just in time for a god damn stupid dinner party.

He didn't let anything show, but it was the non emotion that gave it away in the end, as most people who have dealt with Will know his quiet nature tends to lend to stronger feelings.

They were cut down, roughly, dropping them to their heads and backs, and dragged into the main house of Muskrat Farms. Mason had them dressed, by a man who went only by Cordell, in nice fancy suits, fitting for a man like Hannibal perhaps, but down right strange on someone as ragged looking as Will.

Hannibal's side stung but nothing he could not handle or, even take pleasure in at the right angle. However, one look at Will and he could see he was seething, close to exploding. He tried to convey his calm - everything would be *fine* . Somehow. It always was.

He watched as they were dressed in fine suits, delighted with the tailored fit. "It must be said, Mason has fine tastes in both pigs and their suits."

He spoke with Cordell about the menu for the evening. The man spoke with a kind but threatening tone. The man thrived on having power and wielding pain but sadly, there was an undercurrent of crassness and a base tone to his work that lowered the joy Hannibal would have taken in such a man's work.

Hannibal couldn't help but admire how Will looked in his suit and wondered if perhaps something similar would suit for their wedding day.

After they were dressed they were taken in and strapped down in specially made chairs. The room was low lit, over dressed in gold and muted tones of pink and dark wood. Perhaps his tastes were not so fine.

Mason was finally wheeled in, "Well look who we have for dinner! Piggy 1 and Piggy 2. Now, one should always taste test these things. William, why don't you do the honors? Who should we taste first?"

Cordell brought in a freshly sizzling cast iron frying pan. With vague theatrics he tosses some oil in and waits.

Will's calm was slowly fading, watching Cordell slowly, his gaze sliding over to Hannibal with a blossom of panic that only the other man might actually convey in him. Otherwise, his calm outside stood strong, molded with steel.

"Take from me," he said, aware that this was /his/ fight, not Hannibal's.

Hannibal smiled at Will and just blinked slowly. Everything would be fine and even if they weren't, they still would be.

This is the kind of horror Hannibal lived and breathed it was only naturally he end up on the other end of it occasionally. However, his stay on this end of the knife never lasted long and often ended unfortunately for the other party.

Cordell moved over to Hannibal as Will spoke.

Mason leaned over on his wheelchair, his tone /serious/ now but a sense of glee still passed through his words, "The illusion of choice is a funny thing, Mr Graham. Now, do you think I

/chose/ to look like this?" he waved a hand as Cordell sliced off Hannibal's ear with agonizingly slowly movements.

Hannibal closed his eyes, a few small grunts escaping as pain shot down his face and neck and throbbed around where his ear used to be. He breathed deep and looked back at Will with a serene expression. He would not let Will blame himself for this.

"Now I am allowing you this delicacy because after this, your final meal... Well, your final meal with/ *that* face. I am going to eat your dear... what is he? I saw your papers. Mr and Mr Fell. Husband? How sweet! What a better way to celebrate than to eat. him. up! Well, I will be doing the eating but with your smile off course."

Hannibal turned to Mason at that suggestion, "How sentimental of you, Mason." he would be sure to make Mason's death just as sentimental. He would not let Will die, not now and not ever. And anyone who threatened it would meet an equally sentimental end.

Cordell tossed the ear on the frying pan and brought it over to Will's side, smiling a horrid smile.

Will watched, not able to tear his eyes off Hannibal as he hid his pain, which was /worse/ to Will, as he could *fee* l it, no matter how much Hannibal /enjoyed/ it. Mason would surely die now, he wouldn't *mess* up this time.

Waiting, he watched Cordell fry up the ear and then bring it over to him, leaning over to do so. Will's jaw was tense, but when given the opportunity, he leaned into Cordell's face, as if to kiss his cheek, and instead bit a chunk clean off. He didn't spit it out, he merely chewed it and swallowed it, blood and all.

Hannibal was struggling to not show pain at this point, a flood of blood running down his neck.

"Piggy didn't even squeal." Mason sounded thoroughly disappointed.

Hannibal tipped his head towards Mason, "High pain tolerance...for a pig." At the sound of the tearing flesh and scream Hannibal looked over at Will *delighted* when he saw the spewing blood and his face coated in red.

Beautiful.

But Mason flew into a rage about ruined dinner parties and suits. Both Hannibal and Will were manhandled and taken away from the table, both still caught in their binds. Hannibal's eyes only flew wide with panic when he watched as Will was taken in the opposite direction to him.

But he didn't dare speak up for fear of making any punishment worse.

Will gave Hannibal a look, but said nothing, as Cordell wheeled him off and shoved the ear into his mouth anyway, and then taped his mouth shut, giving him no choice in the matter of eating it.

Will was taken to an 'operating room', a makeshift thing, according to Cordell, where he injected Will with something that made him lithe and listless, unable to move, his mind fuzzy, and then strapped him down to a chair.

Whatever Cordell said after that, Will wasn't very aware of, his mind too fogged to really make sense of it all. Something about his face, and making him feel every single cut.

Hannibal was lead back to the stables. He was taken into a straw round where it appeared only the *prized* pigs were kept and tethered in twelve holding pens.

Hannibal was stripped of his fine suits while the pigs all went wild in their pens at the smell of blood.

Once naked his was strung up in the pens with metal collar, chains and ropes and left with two guards.

It wasn't comfortable or particularly dignified but that is not what concerned Hannibal. He liked Will's face and was determined it stayed exactly where it was.

As he plotted and schemed he caught the smell of something floral but subtle. Then pointed shoes. Then a knife dropped to the floor.

He tried to look up but he couldn't bend his neck.

"Clarice Starling." She bent down, "I'm undercover. I have no wish to see innocent people killed. Tell me, Mr Lecter, are you innocent?"

Hannibal spoke plainly, "No more or less than anyone else. Surely no one deserves to die /this/ way, innocent or not."

There was a pause.

"Pass me the knife and I can free myself. One less /innocent/ on your conscience." The woman had already given him enough information to know which button to push.

The pointed shoe kicked the knife over. As he cut himself free and undid the collar he caught sight of the blonde haired woman an a shock of knowing went through him. He had never met her but he knew her, somehow. As she looked over her shoulder, it was clear she felt the same. She nodded once and left. Hannibal noted both his guards were already dead.

Throwing his suit back on at speed Hannibal ran and hunted, following his nose as best he could. It wasn't the smell of Will that gave his location away but hospital disinfectant.

Hannibal took his shoes off and moving silently knocked Cordell out with a hard blow to the back of the head.

"Will," he whispered and looked him over for injury. His face was already cut badly.

Cordell had hooked him up to an IV, removed his shirt, and had started to draw even lines over the outline of his face, chatting about Mason and how lovely he would look in Will's face, and how Will shouldn't have taken a chunk out of his face.

Honestly, no shits were given on Will's behalf, it was the only pleasure he was given in his state to look on the torn out hole in the 'doctor's' face.

Cordell went down with a thunk just as he was cutting into Will's face. Sea blue eyes met Hannibal's, blood trickling down his face slowly, on one side. He blinked, hardly able to comprehend, let alone make a word choice, his body not numb, but frozen just as Cordell had wanted it.

Hannibal quickly assessed the situation. It was clear Will was alive, injured but not gravely however, he had been paralyzed.

He didn't have time to explain. He unhooked the IV's but took enough pain relief and dressings to deal with Will later on. He had seen an air strip just outside the stables and had to assume there was a plane there.

He rifled through Cordell's pockets and found a gun wrapped Will in a thick wool blanket and scooped him up.

Walking out the door he saw Clarice. They just stared for a moment. He walked over, "Snatch some hair from behind my ear and make sure to get the skin. Take the knife and the gun, both have my fingerprints. Kill Mason. Kill Cordell. Make them suffer. Consider my debt paid and I won't call on you and you won't call on me."

She hesitated a moment.

"Think of the innocent children, Clarice. Think of how he makes them scream. We've all heard it."

With that Hannibal left to find the plane and managed to heave Will up into it. He collapsed in the pilot's seat and then strapped them both in.

"Can you talk yet, Will?"

Will's eyes merely looked at the agent, one he's seen before, been talked to before, but with his status as a recovering criminal, it had never gone further than that. He let them have their conversation and in the end she did as Hannibal asked, and they were on their way out.

"Yeah..." he managed, uncomfortable, but unable to move well enough to situate.

"Did we get our papers?"

Hannibal smiled and nodded, "When you wake up, you will be Mr Fell living a life of luxury in Florence."

Meanwhile he was sure Mason would be becoming much more closely acquainted with his pigs.

But the problem of Clarice Starling remained.

Will cleared his throat as he attempted to at least sit up a little. "At least my face is intact..."

He wouldn't ask about Starling, it was something they had to hope would fade off.

"He certainly had a poetry in his vengeance. But I am more than grateful your face is intact." Hannibal started up the plane and warmed the engines. "Our wedding photos would have been ruined." he raised a brow as he smiled at Will.

They were safe, for now.

He watched Hannibal start up the plane, somehow not at all surprised he knew how to fly one. He managed a smile back, easily.

"Terribly."

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